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THE PUBLIC EXPENDITURE.

THE great economical debate which was to endanger the Government took the form of an abortive intrigue. Lord PALMERSTON's easy victory, though it was deserved by his own vigorous adroitness, chiefly proved the utter disorganization of the Conservative party. Mr. STANSFELD's motion derived all its importance from Mr. DISRAELI's recent speeches, and from the rumour that a great Conservative meeting had resolved to entrust an amendment to Mr. WALPOLE. It was naturally supposed that all the dissentient or lukewarm sections of the Opposition had been rallied for the purpose of a regular attack; and Mr. DISRAELI's undisguised disappointment proves that he at least had hoped for the support of his party in a division which might have brought him into office. There was little difference of meaning between the resolution and the various amendments; but it was justly remarked that the intervention of a member of Lord DERBY's Cabinet superseded the comparison of substantives and adjectives. Lord PALMERSTON judiciously declined to discuss financial details, when there was a broader issue on which he was certain to succeed. Although Mr. DISRAELI's nominal followers, united with Mr. STANSFELD's friends, might have constituted a majority, it was certain that a large section of the Conservatives would refuse their assent to the proposed coalition; and, on the other hand, Mr. STANSFELD himself repudiated an unnatural alliance with the convert who would make retrenchment depend on national degradation. The Ministerial challenge to an instant trial of strength was at the same time spirited and safe; and as soon as Lord PALMERSTON announced that the fate of the Government depended on the division, the combination of his opponents was at once dissolved. Mr. WALPOLE had not apprehended the obvious meaning of his own amendment. When the Government propounds a conventional truism as the alternative of an unacceptable motion, any attempt to substitute an improved version for the official formula amounts to a vote of want of confidence. The amendment had been made colourless to conciliate Mr. WALPOLE, but by its mere existence it carried out the views of Mr. DISRAELI. As the leaders of both parties agreed in their interpretation of its meaning, an experienced member ought not to have misunderstood the obvious tendency of his own conduct. The complaint that "the favourite had 'bolted' at the beginning of the race was not altogether unfounded; yet it is surprising that a veteran trainer should have calculated on winning, or even on running, the race. The most respectable of Mr. DISRAELI's former colleagues are pledged to the maintenance of effective armaments; and it was well known that they would refuse to support Mr. STANSFELD's motion. It was idle to suppose that they could be deluded into a vote which would have substantially the same effect as the original resolution. A majority against the Government would have implied the immediate reduction of establishments in conformity with the system of foreign policy which Mr. DISRAELI has lately expounded.

When two regiments of the same army fire on each other in the presence of the enemy, the issue of the battle is practically decided. Notwithstanding his habitual command of temper, Mr. DISRAELI could not refrain from taunting his backward and scrupulous ally. It might, as he said, have been supposed that a change of Ministry would have been foreseen as a possible result of a successful division. Mr. WALPOLE replied that Lord DERBY had pledged himself, in public and in private, not to disturb the Government during the present session; but as Mr. DISRAELI has never assented to the self-denying ordinance, he may not unnaturally resent the pacific disposition of his political asso-

ciates. After the open exposure of the dissensions which exist, it will not be surprising if some ostensible change of organization follows on the practical disruption of the party. The Opposition will, not improbably, split into two sections, and Mr. DISRAELI may find himself at the head of a vigorous and active minority of partisans, instead of professing to lead an inert mass which refuses to follow. If a secession takes place, the malcontents will have great facilities for entering into relations with the Government. There is no real difference of opinion on domestic matters between Mr. WALPOLE, or General PEEL, and the greater part of the present Cabinet. The chief obstacle to a coalition has consisted in Mr. DISRAELI's proceedings and personal pretensions; for, with all his peculiarities and weaknesses, he is too distinct an element to be absorbed or neutralized in a general fusion of parties. His present adversaries cannot employ him either as a follower or as a leader, and his own ambition induces him always to cherish some antagonism of opinion which may justify the continuance of political conflict. It was said in the debate of Tuesday that Lord PALMERSTON emerged from the crisis stronger than ever, and, for the present, he is evidently in a position to defy all menaces of opposition. It may be doubtful whether the open adhesion of the moderate Conservatives would really add to the security of his Government, as it would be dangerous to alienate those who, professing advanced forms of Liberalism, are nevertheless content to support the most moderate of Liberal Governments. A large body of proselytes, who would naturally claim their share of preferment, could not be regarded with favour by the existing majority. PITT's supporters were greatly incensed by the conversion of the Portland Whigs, and the patriotism of the less hostile Conservatives will be most fully appreciated from the opposite side of the House.

When Mr. WALPOLE's declaration had deprived the debate of all practical importance, the principal combatants relieved their disappointment by delivering several clever and amusing speeches. Mr. DISRAELI was unusually happy in the blows which he alternately delivered to enemies and to unsympathizing friends. As it was no longer important to satisfy the House of the expediency of the amendment, there could be no danger in withdrawing the admissions which had been made by Mr. WALPOLE's candour. The adoption of Lord PALMERSTON's assertion that the expenditure had been reduced, was, according to Mr. DISRAELI, virtually inaccurate, and all but literally untrue. After various arbitrary deductions, he professed to recognise a diminution of 150,000*l.* in the Estimates, and on this ground alone he reconciled to his conscience a statement which he proceeded to ridicule and to dispute. His overtures produced from Mr. CORDEN a hint that the coalition which has been so often foreshadowed will not be peremptorily rejected by the professed friends of peace and economy. The project of an informal treaty between France and England for the proportionate reduction of armaments has often been suggested as the starting-point of a more frugal policy. The originality and utility of the specification are equally open to dispute, but, whatever may be the value of the invention, Mr. CORDEN generously made Mr. DISRAELI a present of his own claim to the patent. Mr. HORSMAN expatiated with his customary eloquence on the evil and the wastefulness of imperfect military preparation; and it is certainly remarkable that the model year of 1853 should have been immediately followed by the Russian war, and that the French threats of 1858 should have coincided with the reduction of the navy to the lowest point of efficiency. Mr. OSBORNE's ingenious witticisms wound up, not inappropriately, one of the vaguest and least practical debates which ever signalized a party field-day. It is generally said that an irresistible current has set in the direction of

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retrenchment, but there is little visible sign of any desire to interfere with the discretion of the Government.

Mr. STANSFELD himself afforded a fair pretext for the remark that his policy would involve universal and perpetual war; and even candid critics would deduce, from his description of the state of Europe, the inference that it was dangerous or impossible for England to disarm. Yet there is a certain force in the argument that hoarded wealth adds to the strength of a State more than military expenditure. As Mr. DISRAELI said, the influence of the English Government depends on the great resources and proved tenacity of the nation as much as on the armaments which may at any time be actually maintained. Mr. CORDEN boldly referred to the enormous exertions of the North American States to illustrate his doctrine that small establishments in time of peace tend to efficiency in war. The proportion of national wealth to armies and navies is, in truth, only a question of circumstance and degree; but, as Mr. HORSMAN showed, it is highly extravagant to tempt foreigners into aggression by any excessive reduction. The Government of the United States would probably have saved hundreds of millions sterling if it had, on the outset of the rebellion, disposed of fifty disciplined regiments and as many sloops and frigates. There is a fallacy in the comparison between the amount of the public revenue and the earnings of seven millions of working people, for the produce of the taxes is not cast into the sea; but, undoubtedly, a large portion of the expenditure of every Government is principally unproductive, and not a farthing ought to be raised or laid out except for reasons of public necessity or expediency. The cost of construction, both by sea and land, ought not to be a permanent charge; but there would be little economy in returning to the scale of establishments which has so often been changed in moments of hurry and panic. Parliament has once more remitted the whole question to the Government, and the Estimates of 1863 will first show whether any large reduction is to be expected.

AMERICA.

THE Northern Americans are greatly in want of a victory. Even at Washington and New York, it is beginning to be suspected that the lapse of time without any decisive event is an advantage to the enemy. With the exception of the capture of Island No. 10, and of New Orleans, not a single success has been achieved since the doubtful battle of Shiloh. At Williamsburg and at West Point the Confederates appear to have had the best of the contest; and the glorious naval victory on the Mississippi, after degenerating into a drawn battle, will probably ultimately assume the form of a Federal defeat. General BANKS has suffered a severe repulse in Northern Virginia; and it is believed that in the Western part of the State another check has been sustained by the invaders. At Corinth, General HALLECK has made no impression on the opposing army, and General MITCHELL has been recalled from his spirited expedition to reinforce the main army of the West. There is reason to believe that irregular bands are threatening General HALLECK's communications, and it can scarcely be doubted that his army must be suffering heavily from sickness. It would seem to be the interest of the Confederate leaders to avoid any decisive engagement, and to allow the Northern army to waste its strength in the attack of successive positions and in lengthened marches under a midsummer sun. In the meantime, they prudently proclaim their intention to try the fortune of a Borodino in front of Richmond. General McCLELLAN might perhaps occupy the capital after a hard-fought battle, but he would scarcely be in a condition to prosecute the campaign in the interior. If, in conjunction with McDOWELL and BANKS, he could open up the road to the Potomac, he would probably be satisfied without any further success.

If the Federal forces continue to occupy all the ground which they have gained, the seceding States will undoubtedly be seriously cramped by their exclusion from all intercourse with the outward world. It will, however, be necessary for the Government of Washington, if it desires to retain its conquests, to secure them by a powerful fleet, and by an army of 200,000 men. An equal or larger force must be employed in any further attempt on Southern independence, and the effect of both operations will be to confirm into permanent antipathy the hostility which is already universal among the Southern population. All

Union sentiment in the wide territory of the Confederacy is either extinct or silent. Even in the parts of Virginia which have fallen into the hands of the Federalists, the invaders are treated as foreign enemies, and New Orleans is only restrained from insurrection by strict martial law. Long since, the Northern enthusiasts were warned that, although they had reasons for fighting, they had in substance nothing to fight for. After the expenditure, within a year, of twenty times their annual income, they have in some outlying parts of the Confederacy so far succeeded that they hold the wolf by the throat. It is difficult and discreditable to retreat, and there are no means of advancing. No politician has yet suggested any means of governing the territories which have been occupied, except by the rude and temporary contrivance of martial law. By universal consent, the resources for carrying on the war, and the subsequent method of restoring the Union, are left to chance, or, in other words, to certain failure. In the whole residue of the Union no one is willing either to pay or to think.

Having laid aside all the measures which have been proposed for raising a revenue, Congress is amusing itself with various projects of confiscation. As the Constitution prohibits punishment by forfeiture, it is ingeniously suggested that property may nevertheless be taken under the name of a fine; and rhetoricians of the stamp of Mr. SUMNER prove, in elaborate orations, that Seceders may be plundered under a double cloak of legality, in their complex capacity of domestic rebels and alien enemies. It is difficult to understand the motive of advertizing the lion's skin for sale, while the fortune of the hunt is yet undecided. The inhabitants of the Confederate States may perhaps be still more irreconcilably alienated by menaces of legal robbery, but it is impossible that they should be frightened by so empty a demonstration. The leaders of Secession are perfectly aware that they might at any moment return to the Union, with the amplest security for their public claims as well as for their personal immunity. The seizure of landed estates would be as unprofitable as unjust, for the tenure of Northern purchasers in the midst of a hostile country would not be safe or inviting. In all probability, the promoters of Confiscation Bills are fully aware that the measures which they recommend are never destined to have any practical operation. In disposing of the spoils of victory before they are won, they chiefly desire to proclaim their confidence in the complete success of the Federal arms. Their countrymen are not accustomed to look to their representatives in Congress for any more practical service than the voluble emission of patriotic sentiments. An Assembly which really shared in the government of the country would probably think it worth while to procure some definite information as to the cost of the war; but little interest was aroused when one member complained that it cost three or four millions of dollars a day, and Mr. MORRILL of the Tariff roundly asserted that the whole outlay was covered by a single million. Only a few weeks since, the Chairman of the Committee on Finance made the official statement that the daily expenditure amounted to three millions of dollars. It seems scarcely a business-like proceeding to set off perfect certainty as to the future event of the war against the vaguest conjectures on the figures of the national balance-sheet. Foreigners, with an obstinate adherence to old traditions, distribute their belief and their conscious ignorance according to an entirely opposite rule. They admit that they are unable to foresee whether HALLECK or BEAUREGARD will win the next battle; but they assert, with unhesitating confidence, that an income of twelve millions will not suffice for an expenditure of fifteen or twenty times the amount.

The journals continue to boast that the laws of nature are suspended, and the national passion for magnitude is gratified by the increasing bulk of the debt. The North is profoundly satisfied with itself; and its complacency is by no means disturbed by incidental disappointments. The French expedition to Mexico is regarded with mild disapprobation; and the withdrawal of England and Spain from the enterprise is attributed to fear of the irresistible fleets and armies which are supposed to overawe the world. The flotilla which received the surrender of New Orleans might, it is said, conquer Cuba and the English West Indies in three months, and the army which has lain for six weeks in front of Corinth could take possession of Canada without resistance. It is true that the French Government is suspected of projects of intervention, and that it has openly disregarded the avowed policy of the United States; but it is as impossible

for France to provoke American resentment as for England to conciliate American good-will. The most universal feeling of the North is indignation against a Power which has dared to be impartial between the contending sections of the former Republic. The army, the fleet, and even the system of borrowing which has been established, are regarded with hope and pride as the future instruments of revenge against England. There is a real danger in the popular tendency, but there is reason to hope that longer experience will convince even the untaught politicians of the North that war is not an economical luxury. The enormous debt which is accumulating is, to some extent, a security for peace, whether it is met by an increase of the public burdens, or repudiated to the destruction of the national credit. Even in America, there must be some latent common sense, and some individuals cannot but be aware that there is no cause of quarrel between the Governments. England has not assisted the South, or disputed the blockade, or even taken advantage of the civil war to set up a monarchy on the American Continent. It is immoral to go to war for an idea, but it is still more criminal and foolish to treat a vulgar and unmeaning antipathy as a pretext for a ruinous and useless conflict.

YOUNG RADICALS AND OLD.

THE law of infinite division appears to be as true in political as it is in natural science. The Radical party in the House of Commons is not so large that it must needs fall in two of its own weight. Of late years, it has consisted of a small though busy knot of speakers whose chief importance was due to the equal balance of parties, and the consequent value of marketable votes in the eyes of party chiefs. But Tuesday's debate brought to light the fact that even this minutest of parties is divided into two antagonistic sections. It became evident that Mr. STANSFELD had not brought forward his motion as the lieutenant of Mr. COBDEN and Mr. BRIGHT, and was not the mouthpiece of their policy. His speech, so far as any definite outlines loomed through its wordy haze, ran athwart all the most cherished traditions of the Peace party. It prophesied war, and it recommended interference. The result was the absence of Mr. BRIGHT from the division, and a public and solemn rebuke to his unruly youngster from Mr. COBDEN. It was rumoured also, and was probably true, that if the untimely fruit of Mr. WALPOLE's brain had ever come to the birth, a still wider defection from the Manchester standard would have displayed itself. The staunch survivors of the League were prepared, according to their ancient practice, to vote Whig or Tory indifferently, so long as the object of the moment could be attained. But the young men of the party had seen those tactics amply tried in the Reform controversy, and were not satisfied with the ultimate result. They were tired of nibbling for ever at the thinly-baited hook which the leader of the Opposition, with unabated confidence, was again dangling before their eyes.

The schism between the Radicals of the old school and the new is not an accidental circumstance arising only out of this particular debate. It indicates an important turning-point in public feeling. Mr. COBDEN and Mr. BRIGHT have so long filled an important place in our affairs, and have effected such extensive changes, that it is difficult to believe that they are only the representatives of an accidental and ephemeral type of opinion. But it was not by pure Radicalism that they rose to fame. Democratic opinions have enjoyed an exceptional power in England during the last forty years, from their casual association with a far stronger movement with which they had no necessary connexion. The Free Trade controversy had nothing in common with a struggle for the redistribution of political power. It only received that direction from the fact that the antagonism to it—which in the days of ADAM SMITH resided chiefly among the merchants—had chanced, by the course of legislation, to devolve upon the landed aristocracy. The desperate struggle for political existence in which the upper classes have been engaged till very recently was, in the main, brought upon them by their unlucky association with the Corn Law of 1815. Radicalism was endowed by this alliance with a power of producing political leaders of far higher stature than before. COBDEN and BRIGHT have been demagogues of a very different calibre from COBBETT, and WHITBREAD, and ORATOR HUNT. But the strength which moulded them has been taken away. Free Trade no longer lends to Radicalism the vigour to

produce that strange anomaly, the hard-headed commercial demagogue. Radicalism is now left to its own powers, and the young men it is sending up are of a very different breed. In some respects they are more amiable, but they are very much less dangerous. So far as they have any mind at all, they are poetical, dreamy, enthusiastic youths, with a turn for tall talk and a large metaphysical vocabulary. In political wisdom they have a decided advantage over their predecessors. They do not narrow their political views to the English shores, or decline to recognise as good and right abroad that for which they have been clamouring at home. They are not fanatics for peace. They do not believe in the calico millennium, or the impeccability of the American Republic, or the moral perfection of the Emperor of the FRENCH. They have neither the rigid purpose nor the narrow doctrines of the Manchester politicians. They are not prepared to force every political fact to bend to the exigencies of Lancashire commerce. Their sympathies are much wider; but then they are much more indefinite and vague. They believe in the solidarity of the peoples, and the inalienable rights of man, and several other great principles, which go a long way in a set speech, but are rather difficult to embody in a bill or a despatch. In short, they are dreamers, not men of business—Radicals of the study, as contrasted with their predecessors, who were Radicals of the counter.

We cannot but welcome the change, both for the sake of our institutions, and for the sake of political aesthetics. A little Radicalism is a very useful thing for the purpose of keeping in check the natural selfishness of the classes who are the tenants of power. A feeling that their own overthrow is possible, if not probable, keeps jobbing within bounds, and provokes occasional attempts at practical reform. But it is a remedy which, however salutary, is always best taken in dilution. Such a concentrated form as that presented by Messrs. COBDEN and BRIGHT is too energetic. It tries the stamina of the Constitution, and might endanger it if applied in a moment of temporary debility. But the foaming and impetuous youths who have been kicking over the traces and galloping about on their own account are never likely to do any harm. Their curvets and capers, and apparent vice, will serve the purpose of frightening the upper classes admirably well. But their energy will all evaporate in these evolutions, and there is no danger that they will make any serious or effective inroad upon our institutions. In respect to our foreign relations, too, the change is very much for the better. It is decidedly prejudicial to our national reputation that one, even the smallest, of our political parties should be absolutely destitute of patriotism. England's enemies will cease, under the new Radical reign, to enjoy the advantage of *ex-officio* advocates in the House of Commons. And the change will redound to the advantage of foreign nations as well as our own. They will no longer count upon the supposed ascendancy of Peace politicians with the English people, and escaping the delusion, will escape the embarrassments into which it is apt to lead them. We have equal reason to congratulate ourselves upon the moral improvement which Radical tactics are likely to exhibit. The shameful traffic in votes which the Manchester party practised will be at an end. Mr. COBDEN openly boasted on Tuesday last that his vote was always at the service of any leader on any subject, if his one particular object of desire was granted. To offer a man something which he desires in order to gain his vote, is commonly thought to be the definition of bribery; but for such offers Mr. COBDEN avows that he and his friends have always touted, and, unfortunately for the character of public men, have touted with success. For this species of commerce Mr. STANSFELD displays no taste. His reluctance is a hopeful sign for political morality. It is usually admitted that the extirpation of bribery must be looked for from an improvement in the moral standard of the briber rather than of the bribee. It is possible that the same maxim may apply to the corruption which of late years has been rife in our party politics. Conservatives and Liberals will cease to be emulously purchasable by promises of Radical support, as soon as—and not before—the purchasers have become too high-minded to make the offer.

We do not know if Mr. STANSFELD's sympathies with Continental Radicalism extend to the rest of his fellow-malcontents. We sincerely hope that he carries them with him in this as in all other things. It will be highly picturesque to hear nine or ten young men thundering upon Slavonic nationalities, and talking about "responsive calls" "issuing from the great heart of the nation." And this

kind of oratory has the immense advantage that it is perfectly innocuous. English discontent is entirely of home growth, and we defy foreign competition. No topics or denunciations borrowed from Continental examples are in the least degree likely to be inflammatory here. The more, therefore, our Radical orators copy Continental models, the more valuable will they become as finely-ornamented appendages of the House of Commons. Now that the Ballot is worn out, and Mr. BERKELEY is ashamed to reproduce the old store of jokes, a few dissertations upon first principles will be a refreshing change. An annual motion for inserting upon the journals of the House a declaration of the rights of man would be quite as practical as any of the other annuals, and would have the peculiar advantage of irritating nobody's susceptibilities.

THE PRUSSIAN PARLIAMENT.

THE proceedings of the Prussian Parliament are probably important; but to foreigners who have no special knowledge of the motives and intentions of parties, they are but moderately interesting. An Englishman would know the inevitable result if it were possible that a Ministry should persist in holding office without half-a-dozen supporters in the House of Commons; but the reciprocal relations of the Executive and the Legislature in Prussia are as yet undetermined. It can scarcely be said that constitutional Government was put in practice before the present reign, and the wisest statesman must wait till he can judge by experience of the balance of a number of hitherto untried forces. The working of the English Constitution itself is opposed to the theory which was formerly deduced from early practice. The Crown is still supposed to exercise the whole political authority of the State; and, on the other hand, the House of Commons, which really administers the Royal prerogative through its leaders, professedly serves as an external check on the Ministers whom it appoints and obeys. In a former generation, the actual Parliamentary mode of government was regarded as a divine and universally applicable system. Fox, in one of his confidential letters, defends the French massacre of the 10th of August, on the ground that the conduct of the King had not been conformable to Whig principles; but subsequent experience and reflection have convinced reasonable politicians that the insular yard measure is not an ultimate standard for the rest of the world. The traditional fictions which are inseparable from an ancient and progressive Constitution scarcely bear transplanting into an alien soil. It is not surprising that foreign countries should be puzzled by a King without independent power, and by a profoundly respectful Parliament which contrives to reconcile the possession of sovereign authority with almost all the forms of mediæval monarchy. In France, the head of the Government has, through the agency of universal suffrage, contrived to reduce the representative body to a subordinate condition. In Prussia, the King is astonished to find that a Parliament is not contented to confine itself to the task of municipal legislation.

The Address of the Committee appointed by the majority of the Chamber bears traces of the unsettled state of political opinion. The greater part of the document purports to establish the abstract proposition that antagonism to a particular Ministry is not a proof of hostility to the Crown. The KING might reply that he resents, not the wrongs inflicted on his Ministers, but the encroachment on his nominal right of selecting his own advisers. It is perfectly natural that, during the transition from absolute monarchy, a King should insist on the maintenance of all the prerogatives which are retained in the text of the Constitution. It is only by experiment that the secret of avoiding collisions is learned by those who divide political power. No Government could go on if the representatives of the people were compelled to enforce, as their solitary privilege, the refusal of the supplies. It is necessary to have a previous understanding as to the policy which they are willing to support; and the only effectual arrangement is that the Crown and the Parliament should agree on the choice of the principal Ministers. The Prussian Address stops short of demanding the dismissal of the advisers, whom, nevertheless, it will by no means be inclined to tolerate. The KING is merely assured of the loyalty and devotion of his subjects; or, in other words, he is requested to be neutral, and to allow the stronger party to direct the policy of the country. The suggested reform of the Upper House may seem an extreme demand; but

the House of Lords, which the late KING copied from the English Constitution, appears not to be suited to Prussian tastes and opinions. The German nobility, unlike the English peerage, represents nothing but itself, and, unfortunately, aristocracy is in all parts of the Continent more unpopular than official interference, or even than absolute despotism. Though both Chambers exist by the same constitutional right, the technical objection to an organic change may readily be overruled. The Chamber of Deputies exists because it was found impossible to govern without Parliamentary institutions; and if the present Charter were annihilated, it would be necessary, for the same reasons, to revive at least a show of representation. No objection is entertained against a second Chamber, but the Deputies require that the measures which have passed the Lower House should not be systematically rejected. There may be considerable difficulty in carrying their wishes into effect, and it is unfortunate that the Constitution should require reform at its outset; but the KING would do well to offer a compromise by the dismissal of his Ministers, and to rely, at least in appearance, on the profuse loyalty which is expressed in the language of the Address. The surrender of power, though it is never pleasant, is rendered somewhat less obnoxious when it is concealed by courteous forms and professions. The KING's prerogatives will not be questioned as long as he has the good sense to exercise them in conformity with the wishes of the Parliament. On condition of abstaining from useless conflicts, he may still effect by influence more than he could accomplish by his own absolute authority. Prussian traditions, if they are not rudely interrupted, are highly favourable to the personal intervention of the Sovereign in public affairs.

It is surprising that a Government on its trial should throw away the opportunity of rendering itself popular by a display of vigour in foreign and federal transactions. The majority of the Chamber is dissatisfied with the conduct of the Hessian dispute, and no Prussian subject understands the relation of his Government to the Diet, to France, or to Austria. Germany is reasonably dissatisfied with the absence of political unity, and with the consequent abeyance of the national power. A Prussian CAVALIER might combine the aggrandizement of the dynasty with the expansion and development of Parliamentary institutions, in the well-founded confidence that the champion of Prussian greatness might always count on support from the representatives of the people. It is possible that the Crown may be strong enough to dispense with the concurrence of the Parliament, but the revival of absolutist systems is not a hopeful experiment. The constituencies have taken their elective functions in earnest, and general discontent would be produced if the KING were to disregard the remonstrances of the Chamber. The Constitution is understood to be formed on the English type, and not according to the model of the American Republic, or of Imperial France. The President of the UNITED STATES and the Emperor of the FRENCH appoint Ministers without the interference of the elected Assemblies; and consequently, the House of Representatives, as well as the Legislative Body of France, is practically excluded from the administration of public affairs. The King of PRUSSIA probably understands the Prussian Constitution in the same sense, but his Parliament is determined to control the Government as well as to vote the taxes. When even the Emperor of AUSTRIA has conceded the responsibility of Ministers to the Council, the disregard of the majority in the Prussian Chamber would be an impracticable anachronism.

For the present, the Ministry may possibly baffle the Parliament by suspending important business, and by an early prorogation; but the only effect of such a policy, even if it is practicable, will be to enlarge the popular demands in a future session. At some point the concurrence of the Assembly will be necessary, and then the leaders of the majority will be able to make their own terms with the Crown. It is highly desirable that a representative system should expand itself in harmony with the Government, as in the Parliamentary transactions which have illustrated the extraordinary political aptitude of the Italians. The different powers in the State come into more natural relations while they are acting in concert than when they are trying their forces in alternate struggles and compromises. A statesman who could secure the confidence of the KING might confer invaluable services on Prussia by teaching the Crown and the Parliament the secret of mutual confidence

and support. At present, the only satisfactory result of the recent agitation is to be found in the general interest of the country in the double elections.

PERSECUTED VIRTUE.

THAT great and good man, Mr. EDWIN JAMES, Q.C.—the bosom friend, counsellor, and companion in arms of GARIBALDI, the author of the new Bankruptcy Act, and of other law reforms too numerous to mention, the idol of Marylebone, and the terror of European despots—is still maintaining a gallant struggle against the adverse influences which drove him to seek a Transatlantic refuge from British calumny and creditors. Those conventional prejudices on the subject of professional integrity which instigated the Benchers of the Inner Temple to put an abrupt and ignominious termination to his forensic career in England, are, it seems, not wholly unknown in a land of freedom and equality. Even the Republican Bar of New York is governed by a self-constituted oligarchy called a Law Institute, which appears to exercise functions somewhat analogous to those of Mr. JAMES's British oppressors; and a committee of five members of that body was recently appointed—rather late in the day, it must be owned—to investigate the circumstances under which he was induced to seek a change of air and scene. The result has not been favourable to the illustrious exile. It is apparently considered that even a model Republic ought to be almost as nice on questions of character as an Old-World Monarchy, and that unanswered imputations of personal dishonour constitute, on either side of the Atlantic, a *prima facie* disqualification for enrolment in the ranks of an honourable profession. Accordingly, the committee has reported that the license of last November, admitting the learned gentleman to practise in the New York Courts, ought to be revoked, unless he can show good cause to the contrary—"certain facts having come to the knowledge of the members of the Law Institute, since his admission to the Bar, which, if they had been known previously, would have prevented his being admitted." We do not learn that Mr. JAMES has attempted any formal defence of himself before the Law Institute or its committee; but he has taken what we conceive to be a far wiser course. He has appealed from the aristocracy of the profession to its democracy, and has succeeded in obtaining, from a crowded meeting of the New York Bar, an enthusiastic verdict of more than acquittal from all the charges with which pedants and purists have sought to blacken his reputation.

The speech which achieved this remarkable triumph may be pronounced one of the happiest and most characteristic efforts of Mr. JAMES's genius. We should say that it at once marks him out for the very highest forensic and political distinction in his adopted country, if he can only overcome the technical obstacles which a mean and narrow-minded jealousy has interposed at the commencement of his new career. No Old Bailey jury was ever more dexterously bamboozled by a defence steering clear of every weak point in Bill Sykes's case—no Marylebone pothouse auditory was ever treated to more fearless and uncompromising denunciations of aristocratic tyranny and oppression. The orator put the matter on its proper footing at the first start. After a very comprehensive promise of "all the explanations which one honourable gentleman could ask of another as to the infamous libels which had cruelly pursued him"—a promise which, as we shall find, was rather imperfectly redeemed—he at once proceeded to unfold the true causes of the atrocious persecution by which he had been hunted from the land of his birth. It was the British aristocracy that had done it all. It was his misfortune to have aspired to the rewards of professional toil and patriotic ambition in a country "where the shadow of aristocracy frowns on every man who dares to be independent." The metaphor is slightly forced; nor do gentlemen usually show their independence of the frowning shadow of aristocracy by begging or borrowing aristocratic cash which they have no chance of repaying; but the hit at English lords told immensely, and disarmed all petty criticism. Then, to the original misfortune of plebeian birth, Mr. JAMES—unhappily for himself—superadded an uncompromising and almost reckless honesty which made him powerful enemies in all quarters. "The Judges disliked him because he was not servile and subservient." Everything had gone against him from the day when "he bearded them in the BERNARD case, and told them they were trying a man upon grounds that were illegal and

"unconstitutional." He had been cautioned at the time that he "would be made to suffer" for his high-minded but imprudent vindication of slandered innocence, and the warning had been but too accurately verified. This explains, by the way, why it was that Mr. JAMES thought it useless to carry out his original purpose of appealing to the Judges—as he was fully entitled to do—against the Benchers' sentence of disbarment. Moreover, he had made himself—he did not hesitate to avow it—politically and personally obnoxious to the British peerage. It had been his fate to win, in defiance of the highest aristocratic influence, the confidence of the second largest constituency in England. "He defeated, by several thousands, the Government nominee and Lord JOHN RUSSELL's nephew, and they never forgave him that to the hour he left England." He was at one time a Whig, but he found that the Whigs "were the cold aristocracy; and that, unless a man was a nephew or a relative of some mushroom peer, he did not stand a chance." On the whole, New York sees in Mr. JAMES a martyr to political virtue and manly integrity and independence. He had long "struggled for position against fearful odds;" but the combined malignity of Judges by whom he was not to be cowed, and an aristocracy which he disdained to flatter, compelled him to desist at last from the unequal conflict, and to seek a freer and purer air. To the same sinister influences he traced the relentless enmity which still pursued him even in a land of liberty. Possibly, if he had given no fresh offence to England and her mushroom peers, he might have been suffered to gain, unmolested, a humble but honourable independence in his new country. But this was not to be. It was not in him to postpone public duty to private considerations; and he had not been three months in America before an occasion arose which compelled him once more to brave his ancient enemies, or else to be false to his deepest convictions of truth and right. "His opinion of the English Government's conduct in the Trent affair had been widely denounced by the English legal press, and had caused the bitter animosity which had been aroused against him." Hence the revival of those miserable calumnies which had made life unendurable to him in England. It is interesting to learn that Mr. JAMES "still adheres" to an opinion which, besides the trifling drawback of being repudiated by all legal authorities on both sides of the Atlantic, has subjected him to a renewal of the most atrocious persecution that ever visited public and private virtue.

So complete and searching an exposure of the secret springs of a conspiracy unparalleled in the history of British aristocratic turpitude, almost superseded the necessity of any detailed refutation of the slanders which some unworthy American citizens have revived to Mr. JAMES's injury. A few slight but masterly touches were all that could be required to place in their true light the essentially trivial imputations cast on him by his enemies. It was certainly true that he "had become involved with the son of a noble lord in pecuniary transactions;" but they were "purely personal and private transactions," with which the profession and the public had no right to meddle. It is impossible to imagine a nicer way of putting the ugly fact that Mr. JAMES obtained 30,000*l.* from a youth just come of age, for which he gave no consideration, and which he had not the slightest prospect of repaying. Irregular and disreputable pecuniary transactions, from pocket-picking upwards, are usually of a "purely personal and private" character in the first instance; but when they unluckily become public, they involve awkward public consequences. The little affair of the unsecured loan extracted from a client's adversary, at the moment when a new trial was pending in which Mr. JAMES was to appear against the friendly lender, is disposed of very pleasantly. "After consulting with a member of the House of Commons whether it would be proper for him to take the loan from INGRAM under the circumstances, he took it;" but "not a word ever passed the lips of either as to the case in which he was counsel and INGRAM defendant." Both allegations are intrinsically credible. It is, of course, conceivable that the patriot of Marylebone may not have been absolutely the only member of the House of Commons who deemed the transaction as legitimate as it undoubtedly was smart; and it is, we suppose, unusual for the parties to a dishonourable arrangement to exchange superfluous explanations. On other circumstances which seem not immaterial to a correct estimate of the question between Mr. JAMES and his calumniators, he is judiciously silent. In particular, he does not think it requisite to state why he signed a certain document dated April 8, 1861, in which the

independent advocate and fearless politician agreed, as the condition of escaping public exposure, to give up his seat for the second largest constituency in England, to resign his Brighton recordership, to withdraw his name from his clubs, and never to apply for or accept "any civil, legal, or other office of public trust or service." He justly considered that a good case would only be spoiled by superfluous details which had evidently no interest for his auditory, and the result justified a calculation alike bold and discreet. The gentlemen of the New York Bar voted by acclamation that, "although no explanation from Mr. JAMES was necessary, still the explanations given were eminently satisfactory, and needed no further inquiry at the hand of the Court or the Bar." "Three cheers for JAMES" appropriately concluded the proceedings, and testified the sympathizing admiration with which Transatlantic smartness welcomes the congenial companionship of a gentleman of whom there is nothing worse to be said than that he has been pronounced by competent authority unfit for the pursuit of an honourable profession in England.

It only remains to be seen whether the Supreme Court of New York will take an equally favourable view of the circumstances which prematurely terminated the career of the distinguished exile in his own country. If so, we risk little in predicting a great future for Mr. EDWIN JAMES. He possesses rare qualifications for success in a community where unblushing impudence is a sure title to distinction, and where any explanation of charges of personal dishonour is voted to be unnecessary. Already he may be justly pronounced "one of the most remarkable men, Sir, we have in this country;" and there is no reason to suppose that the virtues which have been so diligently cultivated under the frowning shadow of aristocracy have yet attained their highest point of development. The Marylebone ten-pounders will long miss their old favourite; but they may enjoy the satisfaction of knowing that he is gone where the characteristic charms of his life and conversation will be thoroughly appreciated.

THE FINANCE OF CIVIL WAR.

THE last and highest stage of wisdom to which a nation succeeds in attaining is the capacity of seeing and understanding the symptoms of its own condition. Like the foreigners whom we are accused of despising, we in England may not be free from the universal weakness of occasionally misjudging ourselves; but there are certainly some subjects on which past experience has enlightened us beyond the possibility of mistake. As a rule, the signs of our financial and commercial state are thoroughly understood. We have our periods of inflation and our recurring panics; but we rush into speculation with our eyes open, knowing well what the end must be, though each man hopes to escape from the entanglement before the tide of revulsion sets in. No one on this side of the Atlantic ever dreams of describing the feverish symptoms of a time of speculative mania as evidence of financial prosperity, or of regarding an exceptional inflation of the circulation and enhancement of prices as anything but the prelude to a corresponding reaction. Whether we might not lose our judgment under circumstances as exciting as those which have bewildered the cool commercial men of New York, it is impossible to say; but to spectators from a distance there is something ludicrously absurd in the congratulations with which the first inevitable effects of the large issues of paper-money have been welcomed in America. Partly from the experience gained from the suspension of cash payments during the war with NAPOLEON, and still more from the thorough dissection which this branch of political economy received at the hands of RICARDO and others, the regular course of symptoms which flow from excessive issues of inconvertible paper are as familiar as the diagnosis of the commonest disease. It is an axiom that the relative value of a circulating medium varies, in the absence of special disturbing causes, absolutely with its amount. If we could suddenly double the whole quantity of sovereigns and their equivalents in England, the purchasing value of each coin would, until relief was obtained by exportation, be reduced to exactly one half of its former amount. No matter what might be the intrinsic value or cost of the gold of which our coins were formed, the inevitable effect of such an increase in quantity would be to augment prices in a corresponding proportion. When the additional circulation is composed of paper instead of gold, it is a natural, though

now an exploded error, to suppose that the immediate depreciation is adequately measured by the premium given for gold. Ultimately, when by the course of commerce, the precious metal begins to flow out with sufficient rapidity to bring its value up to the average rates of the world, the discount on paper money is a sufficiently good test of the amount of depreciation; but in the first instance, before matters have found their level, and while coin and paper circulate together almost on an equality, the whole currency, whether paper or gold, is depreciated together to an extent quite out of proportion to the slight per-centage by which their values are discriminated. The only possible sign of this immediate consequence is an embarrassing abundance of money and a corresponding increase in the prices of commodities. Of course, there is no reason why an increase in the amount of the circulation should alter in any way the current rate of interest but for the delusions which it fosters; but it does act powerfully in this way. Double the circulation, and each man who gets two five-pound notes where he was accustomed to get but one will find it very difficult to resist the impression that he is growing rich, or to realize the fact that his good fortune will be speedily neutralized by a proportional increase in the price of everything he buys. A universal feeling of wealth produces an excessive demand for investments, and securities share in the general rise of price, and often to an extent beyond other commodities.

All this is happening in New York and the other trading centres of America; but instead of regarding these signs as the well-known forerunners of monetary disorder, even the sagacious merchants of the smartest city in the world appear to look upon the progress of the disease with unmixed satisfaction, and to find comfort for themselves in the most fatal symptoms. A thoughtful American ought to behold with dismay the very circumstance which has filled the whole Northern press with exultation. By the last accounts, the markets of North America have been inspired with extraordinary animation by the flood of paper-money which has been poured out from the presses of Mr. Secretary CHASE. In spite of the enormous loans which have been raised, and the practical abandonment of any attempt to provide even for the interest by taxation, the Federal securities are selling at prices which they scarcely ever realized when the United States was a wealthy country, with one of the smallest debts of any Government in the world, and with an almost embarrassing abundance of resources. Their six per cent. stock has been quoted as high as 105, and every description of security has participated in the general advance. The deposits in the banks are increasing with unexampled rapidity, and nothing but a slight though ominous falling-off in the stock of specie indicates as yet the utterly fallacious character of this apparent prosperity. Thus far, the course of events has conformed with singular exactness to the theoretical consequences of a large issue of paper money. But this is only the first stage, and there is a second period which can be predicted with as much certainty as the first.

Measured by the prices of commodities, the value of the coined bullion of the Federal States has become less in America than it would be in almost any part of the world; and the outflow of gold which has just commenced is certain to continue and increase so long as the cause of depreciation—the excessive issue of notes—continues in operation. It has been a surprise to impatient believers in economical science to find how small the premium upon gold has hitherto been, and how sluggishly the redundant circulation has relieved itself by a foreign drain. At one time during the suspension of specie payments by the Bank of England, the premium upon gold rose as high as 15 per cent., while in the United States, where the suddenness and magnitude of the new issues throw into the shade any operations which were ever attempted by the Bank of England, the new paper is at no greater discount than 4 per cent. But there are reasons enough to account for this delay in the working of laws which cannot be resisted. In the first place, there is always an amount of friction in the adjustment of large and rapid disturbances, which postpones the necessary consequences long after their approach has been foreseen. Besides this, there are special influences at work in the same direction in the present instance. The constant excitement of new victories and the confident expectation of a speedy triumph have fostered a speculative state of feeling in which the absorption of money for domestic use far exceeds its ordinary scale. There are more transactions, and a larger circulation is needed for the moment to sustain them. Another less transitory force has operated to counteract to some extent the ultimate tendency

of Mr. CHASE's policy. Notwithstanding the waste of war the Federal States have sent to this country a larger amount of wheat and flour than in any previous year, except when we were suffering from scarcity approaching to famine. At the same time the importation of English goods has been checked by the effects of the war, and by the enhanced protection given to the manufactures of the Northern States. But for the depreciation of their own currency, the Americans would probably at this moment be drawing largely on our stock of bullion in payment for their supplies of corn. This compensating influence cannot operate much longer, for if it do not cease by a falling off in our demand, it must soon be checked by the want of supplies which cannot be long furnished at the accustomed rate after war has thinned the ranks of the producers, and at the same time increased the waste and consumption of food.

The time which the laws of commerce require to produce their effects can seldom be predicted with much certainty, but it may be confidently affirmed that the imagined prosperity of New York, so far from being a favourable sign, is the strongest possible evidence that the consequences of the large paper issue are beginning to be felt, and that the ultimate results—the gradual disappearance of specie, the continuous depreciation of notes, and the universal destruction of confidence—will follow as surely as they have followed every similar attempt. But the Federalists seem utterly incapable of profiting by the experience which Europe long since acquired at no small cost, although they perceive with the utmost clearness the application of the ascertained laws of commerce to the case of their Southern neighbours. The most whimsical thing about the comments of New York writers on the subject is the utter contempt with which they ridicule what they term "JEFF DAVIS's shin plasters"—the paper currency of the Confederates—and the blindness with which they refuse to see that the same course which is supposed to be folly in the South can scarcely be the height of wisdom in the North. Not that the device is by any means a bad one for the temporary purpose of sustaining a year's campaign, without regard to what may follow at a later time. No statesmanship would have enabled Mr. CHASE to tide over the difficulties of this summer as easily as his paper-coinage has done; and he is probably as ready as most American politicians to leave the future to take care of itself.

THE BOLTING OF THE FAVOURITE.

IN all countries in which politeness is really a science, the first rule of behaviour among well-bred people is never to take your friend at his word. In Spain, if a gentleman solemnly places at your worship's disposal his house, his board, and his equipages, nobody, unless it be haply a barbarous foreigner from England, would answer by promising to bring wife and children to stay for a week or two from next Monday. Among the Chinese, the refusal of proffered favours is an elementary social duty; and one of Monsieur HUC's best stories relates to the indignation displayed by a Chinese of the most distinguished bearing, whose hearty invitation to dinner had been accepted by a countryman demoralized through conversion to Christianity. Mr. WALPOLE, standing aloof from the civilizing process through which the Tories have been put by Mr. DISRAELI, has sinned horribly against the refinements of the Parliamentary code of manners. Positively he took his friends at their word on Tuesday. "Move your resolution," said they, "with no party object. We don't in the least want the Government to resign. It is only a Revised Code business." And Mr. WALPOLE actually went and believed them. Lord PALMERSTON got up and said he would leave office if the resolution were carried. "Oh, no!" rejoined Mr. WALPOLE, "that's not what we mean;" and so "the favourite bolted."

It is easy to understand the uncontrollable irritation which betrayed Mr. DISRAELI into sneering openly at one of the most distinguished members of his own party. This is the second time he has been balked of office by tenderness of conscience in unexpected quarters. Just a year ago, the Galway contract affair was on the point of giving him a majority, when it was found that a dozen Tories, including his own Private Secretary, preferred staying away from the division to acquiescing in a job. This time the miscarriage is, if anything, worse. Who is Mr. WALPOLE, that he should insist on being bound by his own language? If overstrained scrupulousness is pardonable anywhere, it is in a county member from the Midlands, for there is a natural association between simplicity and top-boots. But here, on

Tuesday, were all the agricultural gentlemen ready to vote anything in the world, and the game is spoiled by the squeamishness of a lawyer! Mr. MALINS and Mr. WALPOLE were grinding at the same mill—one was taken by Lord DERBY, and the other left. Who in the world would have believed that one Queen's Counsel, picked out of the Court of Chancery, would have more conscience than another? Nor is it the least part of the misfortune that Mr. WALPOLE will certainly only grow in power and importance through this signal display of honesty and good faith. He will become the show virtue of his party. On the Liberal side of the House immense importance is always attached to the votes of the Liberal county members, for the reason that county members are scarce on that side of the SPEAKER. There is a corresponding rarity among the Tories—shall we say, of honest?—or shall we put it, of squeamish men? Henceforward, when the Opposition makes a movement, it will always be asked, which way WALPOLE is going to vote? If he starts with the rest, people will say that all is right, and the doubtful Liberals will hesitate as to the lobby they will enter. If he bolts, men will observe that it is only one of DISRAELI's flukes, and turn their attention elsewhere.

The permanent value of the absurd scene of Tuesday arises from its being a heavy blow and discouragement to what are called Parliamentary tactics. It is but scanty justice to Lord PALMERSTON to praise him for his dexterity in turning a defence into an attack. The course he followed was no doubt skilful, but only because courage and frankness are often the highest skill, and are always so when cunning has to be baffled. It was impossible for the Ministry to accept Mr. WALPOLE's resolution. Virtually, it censured every part of their policy, for, read with Mr. DISRAELI's recent speeches for a commentary, it pledged the House of Commons to abolish the Income-tax, and to save the amount it brings in by subservience to the Emperor of the FRENCH. It gave Mr. GLADSTONE a slap full in the face, and administered a filip to Lord PALMERSTON by markedly confining its reservation of legitimate expenditure to the defence of the country. No Minister of a tithe of Lord PALMERSTON's spirit would consent to retain his place after such a rebuke; and that even Mr. DISRAELI should have supposed it within the limits of possibility that the resolution would be swallowed is only to be explained by the demoralization he and his party have suffered through having twice accepted office in the face of a hostile majority. Although, however, the result of this conflict proves no particular dexterity in the PRIME MINISTER, every line of Mr. WALPOLE's resolution testifies to the perverse cunning which had been employed in framing it, and it is a public advantage that it should have been defeated. The words insinuated the discontent of everybody, while on their face they stated a commonplace offensive to nobody. We fear Mr. DISRAELI believes too much in this sort of thing, and it is well for him to learn that it will never do. The movement which Mr. WALPOLE's straightforwardness or simplicity put out crowns a series of strategic manoeuvres which are as hard to understand as those of the Confederate generals. Every step of the course imposed on the Opposition since the beginning of the Session involves a mystery. Was it intended by their leaders on Tuesday evening that the Government should go out or stay in? *Quien sabe?* Lord ROBERT MONTAGU says that party objects were disclaimed at their meeting, and yet Mr. DISRAELI openly attacked Mr. WALPOLE for not having contemplated "certain results" of his resolution being carried. As Lord ROBERT may always be implicitly believed when he is indiscreet, and Mr. DISRAELI when he is angry, the problem is insoluble. But this difficulty is only a phase of the perplexity caused to the observer by everything Mr. DISRAELI has recently done. Does anybody feel sure that he comprehends the new Opposition clamour for economy? Does the charge of profuseness against the Ministry mean that it spends too much on armaments, or is it, after all, only the old story of the Paper-duty in a new disguise? When Lord PALMERSTON was taxed with insufficient deference to the Emperor of the FRENCH, was he accused of not helping the POPE, or, as some persons have supposed, of not recognising the Confederate Government? Everybody, we know, is intended by Mr. DISRAELI to interpret these obscurities and ambiguities in the sense most congenial to his own prejudices and prepossessions; but there are other leading men in the Opposition besides Mr. DISRAELI, and we are curious to learn what they suppose themselves to be aiming at. Mr. WALPOLE, it is clear at all events, is entirely bewildered.

LAND AND LAWYERS.

AS a class, lawyers (or at any rate one branch of the profession) deserve all the credit they have claimed for having freed themselves from the good old Tory prejudices against every kind of reform which, in the days of ELTON's Chancellorship, obstinately defended and perpetuated every abuse that had been established by the wisdom of our legal ancestors. The cant of the present day, indeed, takes precisely the opposite direction, and ex-Chancellors and expectant Chancellors vie with the occupant of the woolsack for the time being in the enunciation of the grandest possible platitudes in favour of reform in the abstract. But much of the old leaven remains in an altered form. Where all are reformers, each would be first in the race, and any proposal whatever for the removal of an acknowledged defect in the law is certain to be met by covert opposition from a phalanx of rival amenders of the law, each of whom would prefer the postponement of all improvement to the acceptance of any project but his own.

The debate on Lord WESTBURY's Land Transfer Bill curiously exemplifies this temper of mind; and the measure itself is not unlikely to be lost from the universal desire of every lawyer in the House to convert it into something entirely different, which he privately believes to be very superior to the Government project. There never was a subject on which so much general unanimity existed as on the absolute necessity of simplifying a system of dealing with land which for delay, expense, and complication, stands unrivalled throughout the world. Not only all lawyers who have freed themselves from the petty conventional trammels of old associations, but all the leading statesmen on both sides of the House, are more or less committed to the general principle of the CHANCELLOR's measure. Sir H. CAIRNS, as the representative of the Conservatives, was himself the author of two Bills having the same object in view as that of Lord WESTBURY's measure. Lord ST. LEONARDS, Lord CRANWORTH, and Lord CHELMSFORD in the House of Lords have in the present session sent in their several essays at reform to compete with the Bill which the Government has introduced. A Select Committee of the Lords, following we know not how many earlier Committees and Commissions, has once more sifted the matter in detail, and has arrived at the conclusion that the most hopeful course is to pass the CHANCELLOR's Bill, and leave the machinery to perfect itself by experience, as it is sure to do if no fetters are placed upon the Registrar, to whom the Bill gives almost unlimited powers in every matter of official detail. Obviously, this is the only way in which any practical result is likely to be achieved. We are not anxious to discuss the conflicting claims of the slightly different projects of reform which have been brought forward from time to time. It is a comparatively small question whether Lord WESTBURY's plan, or Sir H. CAIRNS's plan, or Sir FITZROY KELLY's crotchets, or Mr. MALINS's fancies are to have the precedence; but it is a very large question whether the long-promised relief offered to the landowners of England is to be snatched from them at the last moment because a body of lawyers cannot agree (as they never will agree) upon the precise shape in which the relief is to be given. With an emphasis which may be thought to imply sincerity, one lawyer after another declared the extreme anxiety which he felt that the reform should speedily be secured; but each one closed his comments and criticisms with an appeal to the Government to send their Bill once more to a Select Committee to be duly picked to pieces if necessary, or at any rate to be postponed to another session, without any chance of being at all nearer to a perfect shape in 1863 than it is at the present moment. All the wisdom in the world will never devise an absolutely perfect piece of machinery for such a purpose without the teaching of experience, and nothing will be easier than to amend the Bill at a future time, when actual trial of its working shall have disclosed its weak points. It was in fact conceded by those who most strenuously pressed for a Select Committee, that the worst that could happen would be that the Act when passed would have a much less extensive operation than its supporters anticipated. Mr. MALINS insisted that the measure would be a dead letter, unless it were made compulsory, while another class of lawyers maintained with still greater energy that nothing but its voluntary character would justify an experiment of the kind upon the vast mass of property which it is intended to affect. Between the two, we have a dilemma which leaves no choice but to pass a measure which is at any rate safe, because voluntary, and which, either in its original or in some

amended shape, is not unlikely to work an improvement in the value of land in England analogous to that which the Encumbered Estates Court has produced in Ireland.

Sir H. CAIRNS is among those who are known to be honestly desirous of effecting the great reform which is the object of the present Bill. But his own scheme, after being enthusiastically received by the House of Commons, and by no one more warmly than by the present CHANCELLOR, ultimately languished and expired in the arms of a Select Committee, by whom it was ardently admired. There are substantial differences between his plan and that which is now under consideration; but both were before the Select Committee of the House of Lords, and the CHANCELLOR's Bill alone was sent down to the Lower House. If the comparative merits of the two measures are once again to be discussed before a similar tribunal, it is hopeless to think of passing either of them during the present session, and we confess we think it far more important that one or the other should become law than that a fresh series of rival blue books should further enlighten the public mind on an exhausted controversy. There is no doubt much to be said on either side. If the one Bill is more comprehensive, the other is less complicated. Sir H. CAIRNS would attempt less, and possibly would succeed more completely within the narrower limits which he imposes on his reforming zeal, but we are at a loss to find anything in the arguments which he urged to justify any further postponement of legislation on a subject which has engaged the attention of the Legislature in one shape or another for a score of years. The worst which was said or could be said of Lord WESTBURY's Bill was that the inducements offered to the owners of land were not sufficient to persuade them to avail themselves of a measure which leaves it optional with every one to register his estate or not as he may please. It is possible that this may be the result, though Irish experience certainly points the other way, but even in this event the Bill at most would become a dead letter, and would do no harm to any human being. Even an unsuccessful experiment of this kind would teach us more by actual experience than all the arguments of the most sagacious of Select Committees; and that the experiment would be so entirely unsuccessful is by no means a probable result. Sir H. CAIRNS complains that the working of the measure will depend almost entirely on the fitness of the Registrar who will have to regulate its details, and this is undoubtedly true; but it is a strange reason for postponing a beneficial reform to say that it may possibly be rendered worthless by the appointment of an incompetent officer. The success of the Encumbered Estates Act in Ireland was largely due to the excellent selection of Judges for its administration, and it is too much to assume that the Chancellor, whose reputation is staked upon the success of his Bill, will be unable to find a staff of officers capable of carrying his ideas into practical operation.

Except for purposes of delay, there is nothing to be gained by the discussions of a Select Committee. The House itself, on such occasions, is practically the very body which is supposed alone to be capable of deciding on the merits of a measure of the kind. The attendance may be thin, but those who are present are precisely the same persons who would be nominated on a Committee, and if any genuine desire exists to reform an evil which all parties acknowledge, the House of Commons will scarcely stultify itself by stifling, in a Select Committee, a measure the principle of which has been accepted over and over again.

STUDY OF CHARACTER.

WE hear a great deal about knowledge of character, and it is, no doubt, a fine thing to suppose ourselves possessed of an insight into the motives and interior mechanism of all our acquaintance; but we have not that entire faith in it as a genuine attainment—as a practical substantial benefit, as a protection from mistake, as a guide through life, with which its pretensions ought to inspire us. The characters men draw in books hang together in a wonderful harmony of parts. If we had to deal with them we should know what we were about. They are amazingly consistent, and we exclaim, How natural! what a wonderful knowledge of human nature has Scott, or Richardson, or Dickens, or Charlotte Brontë! But the difficulty in real life is that people are not natural—that they are inconsistent—that their deviations from their proper selves would disgrace a novel and spoil any author's reputation. Take some men and compare them one year with another, one day with another, and there is absolutely scarce a trace of the former man. *Hamlet* puzzles the commentators because he is not always reconcilable with himself; but,

surely, all of us can point out some one or more compared with whom *Hamlet* is plain sailing. We suspect that great artists, attempting to draw from life, feel this—are embarrassed with the incongruities and perversities of humanity, and have to convey an idea as they can, by antithesis and by uniting opposites. Even Shakspeare has to describe Wolsey by this method. We may always detect a real character amongst shadows in a novel by his want of harmony. The more true he is to the writer's observation, the less natural he is—that is, if it be nature for your actions to follow in a sort of necessary sequence from your qualities. So Pope felt embarrassed with his mighty subject, and hopeless of reducing the study to a science:—

See the same man in vigour, or the gout,
Alone, in company, in place or out;
Early at business, and at hazard late,
Mad at a fox-hunt, wise at a debate;
Drunk at a borough, civil at a ball,
Friendly at Hackney, faithless at Whitehall.

It is impossible to draw such characters. They are either a satire, like Pope's Wharton and Dryden's Villiers, or they are slurred over, all blemishes and puzzles lost under a glaze of encomium. Charles Lamb has a pretty attempt at a portrait of an uncle in *My Relations*, wherein "he limps," after Sterne, "in my poor antithetical manner, as the fates have given me grace and talents;" but the result is, that we feel the man would be intolerable to us, though the writer "would not have him one jot or tittle other than he is." Thus he has failed to convey his idea, as every one must who attempts to draw a character by the process of pairing contradictory qualities.

From Bacon's Essays we might infer that men studied character in his day with a very deliberate intention of getting some substantial good by it. He has a dozen excellent recipes for turning a man round your thumb. "If you would work any man, you must either know his nature or his fashions, and so lead him; or his ends, and so persuade him; or his weakness and disadvantages, and so awe him," and so on; but it has been found that arts reduced to rule do not go much way in informing men what is within the smooth exterior of their friends and neighbours. No doubt experience teaches men, under favourable circumstances, to get the knack of all this, though diplomatists have left off imparting their discoveries; but the study of character does not progress as a written science. Not inquiries into the nature of man, physiognomy, phrenology, theories of temperaments, nor the rest of it, advance us one step beyond the old instinct which belongs to some people, and not to others, which fails the oftenest in all difficult crises, and which no one can impart to his fellow. However, every one assumes himself to have a share of this instinct. Few of us would like to be supposed to be wholly in the dark as to the inner workings of the minds with which we have to do, though the knowledge we assume implies some sense of partial superiority, the presumption of some vantage ground lifting us above the object of our survey. We read, we interpret, we combine, we reconcile, we penetrate, and, consciously or unconsciously, we are perpetually occupied with the distinct features and peculiarities of that portion of the human family that comes under our observation. Perhaps when most earnestly at work we are least aware of what we are doing. The more intimate and habitual our scrutiny, and the more interest or affection stimulate and quicken our perception, the less we realize our occupation. Domestic affection, indeed, has lost some of its delicacy when members of a family get up one another's character from the point of view of a deliberate survey. Still we do come to such an acquaintance with our subject that we may be said to know him in that phase of life under which we contemplate him; but here we stop. Knowledge of character, to be real—to show true, thorough insight—ought to be able to prophesy; it ought to embrace such a view of principles of action, inborn and acquired qualities, natural bias and subjection to influence, as to be able to foresee how circumstances will tell on any mind or temper with which we profess to be acquainted. But who can do this? Who can separate native character from the bands of habit and the ties of society? Which of us knows himself so well as to guess what he would be, and do, and think, when put out of his present way of life?—much less what others would do; for whatever may be said of self-deception, it is certain that every man knows secrets about himself which no one else has surmised, and which are indispensable to the foresight of which we speak.

Recognised knowledge of character is an attainment, and, if real, is founded on instinct quickened by observation, experience, or interest. The very word character is not understood without education. Amongst people who have no discernment, or who do not use it in the selection of their choicer phrases, character is, like "individual," or "party," a synonym for man or woman. Thus we have heard a fat old man defined as a "stout character." With a vast many people the word has a simply technical marketable value, and, standing alone, implies the assemblage of moral and physical qualities which make a good cook or butler. With the police it has a wholly opposite signification, and calling a man a character is giving him a bad name, and next to hanging. All who come under their cognizance as dangerous members of the community are characters. The persons who, if they know no harm of them, are parties, are characters if they do. Thus they talk of fighting characters, disorderly characters, characters on a race-course, lodging-houses full of characters, and so on. Nor is this use of the term, in its spirit, wholly without precedent in the classes above them. There are many people who regard anything erratic, any quality in a man which marks him different from his fellows, anything characteristic, as something

questionable and to be shunned. Their idea of praise is to say that a man has no peculiarities. When they like a person, their mode of expressing their liking is to divest him of every distinctive feature. If a man, he is as good a fellow as ever walked; if a woman, as nice a little woman as ever lived; if a girl, she falls under the universal encomiums of "good-natured," "unaffected," "with no nonsense about her," while their ideal in every case is absolute uniformity to the common standard, and "always the same" comprises all they have to bestow of commendation. In fact, to a good many people, any new or unexpected exhibition of character is painful from their utter inability to make it out. The language of tempers, minds, and qualities, is one for which they have neither grammar nor dictionary. They don't know what may be going to happen to them when they see them at work, to what amount of humiliation and discomfort such strange novelties may not subject them. In their case this dread may be a safeguard; there is a great risk in having to do with people who can't be classed—with strong qualities which they choose to direct in their own independent fashion. And this no doubt accounts for what we have often observed—that a practised insight into the minds and tempers of others does not preserve men from great mistakes, from taking up people whom they have to lay down again, from sudden friendships, and as sudden coolings. Indeed, the more conspicuous mistakes of this sort we have in our eye are of people who justly pique themselves on their penetration. Complex characters, so alarming to the incurious, are the delight of the professed student of his species. We all, as we have said, know people who will not come under any definition, either for good or evil—who can't be described in few words, who are made up of opposites, to whom we can find no clue, who are for ever perplexing us, always running counter to our previous opinion, baffling our foresight and sagacity. These never get fair treatment from people who like to form a judgment at a glance, who believe in transparent characters, and talk of windows in men's breasts. But the student does not object to sinuosities and obscurities, is not offended by a touch of the Jesuit, hails every difficulty as a stimulus to his ingenuity, and naturally likes to set his individual discernment against the judgment of a blundering and illiberal world.

Of course, there are no absolutely transparent characters. They are as pure an invention as that other fiction of infallible readers of character. There is something in every man of which we have no consciousness, hid from himself and hid from us, and which nothing but the event will lay bare. Nobody, whatever his penetration, can be sure what his best friend, or the man he knows best, will do under untried or startling circumstances. Some influence counter to all he has had the opportunity to observe asserts itself in the crisis and contradicts every foregone conclusion. Experience, of course, is better able to cope with new situations, but only in showing that, when we are beyond our actual knowledge, it is safer to rely on the impulses common to all men than on the consistent working of individual character. Thus it is found neither wise nor safe to assume anybody, whatever the extent of our observation, to be quite above the motives of action incident to his new sphere; and while the most agreeable manner goes on the assumption of our being what we ought to be, the most judicious calculations are made on the principle that our friend will be influenced by what influences the mass of mankind. Again, no training, nor instinct even, can enable a man to comprehend any character in those points which are beyond his reach. There are a dozen sorts of knowledge, all accurate in their way, each taking up a character from a different point of view. Men's weakness and faults, says Bacon again, "are best known to their enemies; their virtues and abilities to their friends; their customs and times from their servants; their conceits and opinions from their familiar friends with whom they discourse most."

How many pictures of one "mind" we view
All how unlike each other, all how true.

A narrow yet penetrating intellect sees a certain way into a higher intelligence, but beyond that is in the dark, and that which is beyond may involve the deepest and most distinctive parts of the man. Satire constantly works in this way—not only the keen pointed satire we find in books, but the frivolous shallow satire of private life—true as far as it goes, but not attaining to the real inner man at all.

If, then, study of character can go so little way—if it so poorly fulfils its pretensions—what is its use and purpose? No doubt things may be very useful in their degree without doing all they profess to do. We should jostle one another frightfully without some perceptions of character. Imperfect as it is, it is of enormous social value, but, then, rather as tact than insight. Women are, we suspect, the most indefatigable students of character, though not the most systematic. They are this without knowing it. Thus we see them looking up to the men about them—husband, lover, or brother—as heroes, and all the while acting on a minute acquaintance with a tribe of repulsive or unamiable faults. They will act on the knowledge that a man is mean, envious, jealous, malignant, ill-tempered, and never seem to know a word of it—will screen him, humour him, use all their tact to keep his failings out of sight, and actually at the same time think him magnanimous. But also they are conscious students. It is wonderful with what patient investigation a keen-sighted woman will set herself to reach the motives and depths of some character that interests her. The subject may not, perhaps, to the masculine apprehension, be especially worthy of so much

pains, but in some incomprehensible way he may hit her turn for hero-worship. We submit that the distinction does not always go by merit, nor yet by success. Let it only be a "fine natural character" in which the war of temperaments has fair play—let only strength and weakness, gentleness and obstinacy, energy and indolence, power and helplessness, show themselves by turns unchecked by too stringent a self-discipline—and she sits as at a tournament. Of course a certain belief in some intrinsic greatness or other sustains her curiosity. She assumes that the puzzle is worth finding out—which the secret of all this reserve, or sadness, or impetuosity, or harshness, does not always prove to be. But it is a labour that brings its own reward in her ease as in all others. The study of character may not have such substantial benefits as some suppose—it may not place its votary beyond the risk of being deceived. The student may, and often is, taken in by a knave, and mistaken in a friend, and out in his reckonings, but he is always amused. To him, and him alone, all the world's a stage and life a drama. He is for ever at the play. He is sustained, too, by a constant sense of superiority—he is always in the lofty attitude of a judge. What irritates others is to him only food for speculation; for we do not see what right a man has ever to be taken by surprise or to get angry with those actions in others which are in accordance with his preconceived notions of character, even though they may be performed upon himself; while, if they are contrary to his justly grounded expectations, here is a mystery to solve, a new phase to study, an intricacy to unravel, which should keep his intellect clear and temper cool, though the unenlightened are in a passion. And, last, in the intercourse of every day, he is at an enormous advantage. He need make no blunders and tread on no one's toes. While we plod on in the dark, he has an inner light always showing him the way. Nor need he ever find society dull. Everybody has a character of some sort, and a thousand to one but there are points in it which will well repay the pains of investigation. It is the unobservant alone that never find anything interesting, curious, or wonderful in their path.

THE HAYMARKET.

ON Saturday last, what is called an influential deputation—that is to say, a deputation that gets reported in the newspapers—waited on the Home Secretary. The subject-matter of their complaint was the nightly gaieties of which the upper part of the Haymarket and several neighbouring streets are the scene. It is indeed a striking sight—one which no foreigner who wishes to study our national morality in all its aspects ought to overlook. It is seen in all its glory on a fine summer's night at one o'clock. It is a sort of hour of restitution in which Vice indemnifies herself for the arrogant and domineering attitude which Virtue maintains in other places and at other times. There are, indeed, few occasions in which Vice does not maintain at least an equal claim to notice in this, the most moral capital in the world. But here she reigns without a rival. The pavement is occupied in force by crowds of men and women, who saunter about in the blaze of gaslight which issues from the aggregation of gin-palaces and oyster-shops of which the street consists. They enjoy themselves, on the whole, after the manner of English people, *moult triplement*, occasionally dancing and shouting, but more generally simply lounging. A sharp quarrel here and there, not limited to words, is the only outward evidence of the gin they have been consuming. Their conversation, it is needless to say, is frank and candid, expressing pointedly and unreservedly the subject-matter of their meditations and the desires of their hearts. There is no room for any charitable self-delusion as to the character of this assemblage of men and women, or the nature of the deities in whose worship they are engaged. Some intrusive respectability, too sleepy and too anxious to get home to be eager for the service either of Silenus or Cytherea, may perhaps find his way into the street. But unless he is anxious for unsought caresses, under whose ambiguous importunity either lust or larceny may lurk, he will carefully avoid the footway and stick to the middle of the street. Sharp granite edges, or muddy pools, or the danger of being run over by a cab, are light risks compared to the certainty of being hustled, bonneted, and probably robbed by the half-tipsy, half-amorous Sirens of the pavement. By this last phrase we should be sorry to contribute to the disappointment of any lover of melody by implying that beautiful voices would be among the snares employed here to entrap him. One of their most repulsive peculiarities is the raven-like croak in which their endearments to the passer-by are conveyed. But we labour under heavy verbal disabilities. We have a difficulty in giving a generic name to the women with the sight of whom every one who has to walk through the greater streets after night-fall must be as familiar as he is with the lamp-posts. The straightforward names that our fathers used have been repudiated by the delicacy of our age. In coarser times words were employed to represent facts; but in proportion as the facts become more numerous, more notorious, and more obtrusive, the words which represent them have become obsolete and shocking:—

Man darf das nicht vor keuschen Ohren nennen
Was keusche Herzen nicht entbehren können.

Many circumlocutions have undoubtedly been invented to describe, without falling into the coarseness of St. Paul or even of Addison, the highly-tinted Venuses who form so favourite a study of the connoisseurs of the Haymarket. Some call them "social evils;" others, who are more compassionate, call them "unfortunate

women;" others, who are more respectful still, are satisfied to describe them as "gay persons." But, on the whole, the nicest, the softest, the most poetical designation we have heard, is that which the Penitentiaries have invented—"soiled doves." The time will no doubt come when this, too, will be thought too coarse and too direct; but for the present we shall adopt it as decidedly the most delicate phrase that has been devised.

It is fair to the influential deputation to say that they were not restrained from stating their case in all its nudity by any fears of shocking the sensitive ears of Sir George Grey. The matter had assumed a practical and prosaic form to them, which blunted the edge of their prudery very perceptibly. The soiled doves were becoming a formidable nuisance to the whole neighbourhood. Light sleepers could get no night's rest for their incessant cooings. Respectable women could not pass the streets for fear of being pecked at by them. Philanthropists who had taken the trouble to visit all their haunts, in which the said philanthropists must have cut a very amusing figure, stated to Sir George Grey, for his information, that soiled doves were to be frequently found in the ginshops of the Haymarket, and that their presence in the streets acted as a temptation to young men. It is grievous to think how much unwelcome affection these good men must have exposed themselves to, in order to obtain this knowledge, which probably did not shed any new light over the Home Secretary's mind. But there was a far more serious complaint than this. The soiled doves, though charming as companions, are not popular as neighbours; and rents, in consequence, are falling rapidly in the neighbourhoods to which they resort. The modesty of the landlords has endured a great deal; but when it comes to the falling of rents, they must speak out.

All these complaints were laid before the Home Secretary, and very courteously received; and, to quicken his zeal, he was assured that the Haymarket had become one of the recognised sights of London, where Frenchmen were accustomed to contemplate in its practical workings that example of morality which we so frequently commend to them for their imitation. But he could give the deputation little comfort. He could hold out hopes to them that, by putting the law more rigidly into execution, or sharpening its provisions, it might be possible to drive the soiled doves out of the ginshops, and perhaps out of their own houses too. But such measures would only drive them in greater multitudes into the streets; and as the whole object of the deputation was to drive them out of the streets, the prospect held out was anything but satisfactory. As far as this deputation went, therefore, the problem of clearing our streets of these open-air preachers of immorality, and allowing respectable people to pass through them unmolested, is as far from solution as ever it was. It was not unknown either to the Secretary of State or to those applying for his assistance, that England is the only European country in which it is not solved. The Continental practice was frequently referred to, but only to draw from both sides the unanimous judgment that "the state of public opinion in this country" will not allow it to be adopted here. It is obvious enough that the police cannot clear the streets unless they are allowed to remove the obstructions, and for that purpose the police must have the means of recognising without error the obstructions they are to remove. In other words, they must know the "soiled doves" by sight. In Continental countries, measures are taken to enable them to possess this knowledge. The dove-cote is duly catalogued and registered. The result is that in Paris, or Berlin, or Vienna, such a scandal as the English Haymarket is never to be seen. There, the streets are safe for peaceable citizens to pass through at any time. Wherever the doves wish to ply their trade, it is not in the great thoroughfares that they are allowed to do so. The sin of great Continental cities, whatever its extent, confines its pernicious effects to those who are sharers in its guilt. It is not allowed to make the chief streets impassable for honest men and women. But English morality will not allow us to take the precautions of which these salutary results are the fruit. We do not pretend to check the growth of this vice. If we did, our pretence would be ridiculously futile. Its branches are shooting up on every side in ever-increasing abundance. Its practice becomes yearly more open and shameless with high and low. In the Parks, at the Opera, everywhere except in private drawing-rooms, it pushes unfascinating virtue aside, and boldly asserts its power. Almost every trial that gives us a glimpse into the private history of our time displays it in the command of boundless resources, and in the enjoyment of unexampled luxury. There is very little doubt that, so long as the English theory of marriage obtains, and the holy union is avowedly treated as a commercial transaction between two families struggling to better themselves, so long the vice to which we have referred will flourish and prevail. In the face of such facts, patent to every eye, those who lead public opinion among us think to atone for the evil by ignoring its existence. While the ministers to the kindred vice of drunkenness are under rigid restraint, they think they do good service to the cause of purity by assuming that no such thing as impurity exists. And, in order that this fiction may be with greater decency upheld, statesmen are content to allow our streets to be disgraced by a shameful traffic, which is annoying and disagreeable enough to men, but which no woman can pass through with self-respect.

The open and obvious evil, which must strike the eye of all who come up the Haymarket late at night, is not the only one that results from our sage attempt to destroy facts by shutting our eyes to them. The secret workings of a far graver evil are

well known to medical men. We can but barely allude to the frightful social dangers which the *police sanitaire* of the Continent is intended to avert. Those who wish to know in their full extent the ravages to which we refer, will do well to consult the Registrar-General's report. It must never be forgotten that scrofula, with its two kindred forms of madness and consumption, is, in the opinion of many scientific men, but an application of the natural law indicated in the Second Commandment. It is impossible to follow this subject up. It will suggest to every one thoughts which we dare not clothe in words. But we cannot exclude from our minds dangers and evils which affect those yet unborn, or listen with patience to the prudish platitudes which hinder our Government from taking common-sense precautions to arrest the progress of a plague. The difficulty lies wholly in the scruples of the religious world. The punctiliousness of the Government is entirely assumed. They have recently approved of an ordinance, granting to the colony of Hong Kong all the safeguards which are provided by Continental legislation. The only obstacles to a sensible policy upon this subject at home are the religious ostriches who think they have extirpated an evil by hiding their heads and refusing to hear its name.

THE RACE FOR THE DERBY.

THE foreigners who congregated on Epsom Downs last Wednesday had an opportunity of learning that, although this is an aristocratic country, the turf levels for a time all distinctions of birth and wealth. How many noblemen and gentlemen are at this moment envying Mr. Snewing, the publican of Marylebone Street, the fortunate owner of the winner of this year's Derby! That prize which Premiers and millionaires covet, has, by a strange caprice of fortune, fallen to a licensed victualler. If a tradesman sends his son to a public school, or his horse to a race-meeting, he is certain of the same *carrière ouverte* as if he were a peer of ancient lineage, or a merchant of boundless wealth; but on some other fields of competition, social and pecuniary advantages count for a good deal, as indeed it is only right they should. The owner of Caractacus is welcome to the honour he has gained, though we dare say many persons cannot help wishing that the great prize of the turf could have been adjudged in the presence of the assembled world to some nobler candidate than Mr. Snewing. The very name which this lucky speculator in horseflesh bears is sufficient to put to rout all preconceived ideas of the turf being an aristocratic sport. The many persons who did not know naturally inquired, after the race, who Mr. Snewing was. It was felt that he ought not to be a country gentleman, and it was a relief to learn that he was not. The name of the horse is illustrious, but that of the owner is, to speak plainly, snobbish. However, if the bearer of a snobbish name can breed the best horse of the year, by all means let him win the Derby.

It is curious to remark that the calculations which guide the betting on these great races are almost always justified by the result to a very considerable extent, but not entirely. After all, if bets are to be made, the safest way to make them is to observe and compare the public running of the horses. But neither this nor any other method can attain certainty. There is always something turning up which has not been, and perhaps could not be, foreseen, and thus the whole betting scheme gets disarranged. Thus, in looking forward to this week's great event, it was concluded with something like confidence that the Marquis could beat again the horses which he had beaten at Newmarket, and with less confidence, although not unreasonably, that he could beat Buckstone. Now these conclusions were justified to the very letter, but then it happened that there existed among the more obscure competitors for the prize a horse of undeveloped power called Caractacus, who managed to beat the horses that had been theoretically or practically demonstrated to be able to beat all the rest. It was just the same last autumn in the St. Leger. It had been said before that race that Kettledrum could beat all his known competitors, and he was backed accordingly. He did beat them all, but he met an unknown competitor whom he could not beat, and thus his backers lost their money. The wonder is, not that the calculations of the turf fail, but rather that they succeed. A neck or even a length seems a very small difference upon a race of a mile or two, and yet it suffices to mark a superiority in the winning over the losing horse, slight indeed, but generally adequate as a guide to the probabilities of future contests.

Before entering on any description either of the competitors or of the race, it is really a matter of duty to say a word on an annoyance which disturbs the view of it. The Grand Stand at Epsom is a positive disgrace to the proprietors who own and to the public which is content to occupy it. The access to the roof is by two narrow, dark staircases, up which people struggle, squeeze, and almost choke. All round the mouths of these obscure conduits the roof gets packed as closely as it can be, while towards the top and sides everybody is sitting comfortably, and the ladies with duly extended robes. There is no power to compel a more equitable distribution of the space, and, although it is known or suspected that there is plenty of sitting or at least standing room still vacant, it becomes impossible, or nearly so, to struggle through the dense masses amid which the new comers are disgorged from out of the thronged and stifling passages. The accommodation is inadequate, and it is managed as badly as it can be. The more the railway and other facilities for reaching Epsom are improved, the

more monstrous and intolerable becomes this nuisance of the Stand. The revenue derived from the Stand must be enormous, and might be considerably increased if the getting and keeping a place upon it were made less of a severe physical effort than it is. No doubt those who come early are not disturbed, but it is impossible for everybody to be first. Those who may have had business elsewhere, but have paid for and struggled into places, have a right to complain if a fresh onslaught is made from the staircases upon their position at the very moment when attention is absorbed in the horses which are cantering down the course.

The state of the Grand Stand being such as to extort from us the above protest, it may be conceived that the race would be viewed from it under afflicting and distracting circumstances. But before the race begins, let us take our ease and make our observations in the paddock, which, after all, is the most satisfactory place for those who go to Epsom to see horses. On entering this repository of equine loveliness, the first horse that attracted our attention was Neptuneus, who, if beauty alone could win a race, would certainly not have lost the Derby. Nor was beauty his only ground of claim to public confidence. His two-year-old performances had been very good, and included a dead heat with the redoubted Marquis. His perfect condition, glossy dark-brown coat, light springy tread, and beautifully set-on head and neck, made him a perfect picture of a racehorse, but unfortunately rather in miniature. "Do you like him better than the Marquis?" asked a bystander of a veteran racing man. "Yes, for a park hack, but not to win the Derby," was the reply. The next to come under our observation was Lord Stamford's Ensign. This was a tall, handsome horse, but light and weedy. Speed he no doubt has; but the Derby course is too severe for one of his build. He was sound, however, and in excellent condition; and it seemed the general opinion that he would beat more than beat him. A general rush to the other side of the paddock took place on the entrance of John Scott's lot. There they were—five beauties, each surrounded by an admiring crowd. To look at them, it seemed likely that even if the Marquis should not win, the chances of the Whitewall stable would not be bad. Ace of Clubs, a strong chestnut with a white face, and a look of sedateness and wisdom beyond his years, led the way. Then came the Marquis, accompanied by his particular henchman, James Perren, who openly expressed his confidence in the favourite's success. The Marquis wore, as at Newmarket, blinkers and a sort of hood, and his condition was as perfect, and his temper as serene, as when he carried off the Two Thousand Guineas. There followed close behind him Welcome, Malek, and Vanguard. Why none of these horses were uneasy or fractious, or had a superfluous ounce of flesh upon them, or appeared too fine drawn or overworked, is a secret of the Whitewall stable. Unwillingly turning our eyes away from these five northern miracles, we looked at Sir Joseph Hawley's pair, Argonaut and St. Alexis. It was impossible not to call to mind the last Great Exhibition year when, on nearly the same spot, we saw Teddington and The Ban under the same cherry colour and black, prepared for the great race and secure of victory. This year, however, the case was different, for neither of these horses seemed properly prepared. Argonaut, it must be owned, is a splendid horse, but as Wells adjusted his saddle he kept up an undignified whinnying and prancing, as if he did not rightly appreciate the importance of the coming struggle. The ineffaceable marks of the firing-irons on his legs showed also that his youth had not been altogether joyous. As Lord Uxbridge had withdrawn Laughing Stock from the race, St. Alexis had the advantage of being guided by Rogers. But no jockey can win a race all by himself, although they frequently contrive to lose them. We thought, as we turned away from them, that the Marquis had little to fear in that quarter, although it was reported that Sir Joseph Hawley, who always knows what he is about, had backed Argonaut for a large sum. Baron Rothschild, being disappointed in Wingrave, who failed utterly at Newmarket, now brought out Norroy, not gaining much by the change. The horse, however, made himself conspicuous by refusing to canter, and showing an inclination to get into the Grand Stand and watch the race from thence. Buckstone seemed to us to deserve all the praise that had been bestowed upon him, for he looked a Derby horse all over. He was preceded into the course by the Knave, whom we thought most appropriately named. He is a ewe-necked ragged-looking little horse, but with good substance and excellent quarters. As he was never intended to win the race, but only to make running for Buckstone, it may be supposed that he did all that was required of him, for he would get off well and quickly, where a large horse like Buckstone might find considerable difficulty in making a start among a numerous field of horses. We were not so discerning or so lucky as to recognise the merits of Caractacus in the paddock, although, afterwards, his cantering struck our fancy, and caused us to note him as a horse to be looked after when the struggle came. As his owner, trainer, and jockey were all equally obscure, he received in the paddock much the same sort of treatment as undiscovered merit does elsewhere in the world. There were two other horses which we did particularly observe, and we did so for the purpose of inquiring why such crippled brutes were started for this great race. Neither Gemse nor Maharajah could walk, and they did not look as if they could gallop. It is too bad, considering the difficulty of starting a large field, to encumber the ground with animals which would be more in their places in a knacker's yard.

Compared with noisy hill and babel-like Grand Stand the pad-

dock is a quiet pleasant spot. Not that there is any lack of anxiety or excitement within that enclosure; but the majority of those who enter it come on business, and use their eyes rather than their mouths. In the paddock, backers of horses make up their minds at the last moment whether or not to hedge their money, and owners and trainers give their last secret orders to the jockeys. Some idlers and sight-seers of course there are, and sometimes they do not carry away with them the most authentic information on the all-important topic of the day. There was, for example, an outside horse, called, we believe, Ashford, who, without any other claim to notice, excited great curiosity because he wore blinkers. He was followed by a large crowd of people under the impression that they were looking at the Marquis, while the boy who led the horse took particular care not to deceive them. If the Marquis had won the race, his backers ought to have rewarded that boy liberally.

And now the horses have left the paddock and are taking their canter past the stand. The Marquis goes beautifully and looks the very perfection of a race-horse. Buckstone, too, is admirable, and Caractacus compels us to take notice to whom the light blue jacket and white cap belong. Argonaut will not do at all, although Wells sits him faultlessly. After the Marquis has gone up the course, there is some delay in his return, and we begin to fear an outbreak of his dreaded temper. But soon he comes swiftly and smoothly over the turf, accompanied by the steady-going Ace of Clubs, whose example may have a pacifying effect. The thirty-four horses enter once more into the paddock, and soon emerge on the other side and take their places for the first effort at a start. This effort has to be five times repeated before the horses can be got off, and even then two or three are left behind. As soon as the hill is mounted, the Marquis and Argonaut show well in front. Then the Marquis comes away with a clear lead. It is seen that either he cannot be held, or else his jockey is playing the dangerous game of trying to cut down a large field. We asked ourselves whether even such a horse as that could venture thus to expend the power which would be needed for the final struggle, and experience forbade our hoping that he could. Between hope and fear, but much nearer to fear than hope, we watch the horses round that dreadful corner. The Marquis is still as full as he can be of running, but it is not yet that the pinch comes. However, the pace has had the desired effect, and the question almost is whether anything will live long enough to challenge Marquis. There is Buckstone just upon the same line in which Mr. Merry's horses ran last year, and the year before, and there is that horse which made us look at him as he cantered. Buckstone, however, is already beaten, although he still runs gamely. The obscure horse comes up on the Marquis' whip-hand, and now is the time to wish for a particle of that energy which was expended in cutting down the field. Ashmall calls upon his horse, who is not of the sort to need calling on. He struggles as hard as a horse can, but it will not do. Caractacus beats him by a neck, while Buckstone runs without opposition into the third place. The beautiful Neptunus and another horse came next, and all the rest were nowhere.

The opinion generally entertained by those who observed the Marquis's performance at Newmarket was amply justified by his running for the Derby, although he had not the luck to win the race. The horse is a thorough good one, and, amid the uncertainties of the turf, there could be nothing nearer certainty than to stand to win upon the Marquis. This was our opinion before the race; and if the race could have been run again next day, we should still have backed the Marquis, with the proviso, however, that he should be ridden more judiciously. If the Marquis could have been spared a little in the early part of the race, we do not think he could possibly have been defeated. His failure must be attributed to undue eagerness either in the horse or jockey. No doubt he made awful havoc of the field, for although Buckstone ran into the third place, he had no chance of being either first or second; and the remaining thirty-one horses might as well have been in their stables eating oats. The Marquis had so exhausted himself that, although he struggled unflinchingly to the last, he was just beaten by a fresher horse, and thus the honour of the Derby was snatched from him in the last few yards. But those who watched his running, from start to finish, know that his owner has in him one of the most valuable horses of the year. If the Marquis were to be sold by auction at Tattersall's on Monday, it would be seen how little his character as a race-horse has suffered by his defeat at Epsom. It is certain that he is full of pluck; and in this respect he differs from the Wizard, who, like him, won the Guineas and afterwards ran second for the Derby. The Wizard has employed the intervening two years in establishing a reputation for shutting-up whenever a rival fairly collars him. But we do not think there is a soft spot about the Marquis.

THE MIDDLE LEVEL DELUGE.

THE first observation that occurs after inspection of the breach in the Middle Level Drain, is that the extent of country flooded has been generally over-estimated. The figures dealt in have been very large—sometimes reaching as high as 20,000, or even 30,000 acres; while persons professing moderation have named 14,000 or 15,000 acres as certainly not being an excessive calculation. But if the length of inundated country be measured from north to south along the Middle Level Drain, and its breadth be measured westward from the Drain to the natural or artificial limits which confine the escaped water, the dimensions thus obtained will

be found to be 6 miles of length by an average of 2 miles of breadth. The result of this admeasurement, therefore, is that the flood does not cover more than 12 square miles, or 7,680 acres. The northern boundary is a road which crosses one of the numerous bridges over the Drain, and after running for a short distance westward, bends round towards the south-west, and runs nearly south between two drains which form part of the Marshland drainage-system. The flood is level with the water in one of these drains, but it cannot reach the other because the raised causeway of the intervening road obstructs its further progress. The southern boundary of the deluge is the turnpike-road which runs from Downham Market through Nordelph, and thence across the Middle Level Drain, and through Outwell to Wisbeach. The flood did not a few days ago, nor, as we believe, at any previous time, reach this road, which is raised too high for any conceivable flood to pass it. The western boundary of the flood is formed partly by the first-mentioned road after it has turned towards the south, and partly by natural elevations of the surface, or by artificial works called Edge Bank and the Hall Dyke, the latter of which barriers reaches to the turnpike-road forming the southern boundary. For convenience in this description we have considered the Middle Level Drain as running from south to north, but its course really is somewhat to the east of north.

The visitor who finds himself at Lynn will approach the scene of devastation from the north. He crosses the river Ouse by the Marshland Free Bridge, looking downstream on the town and port of Lynn, and upstream over a well-cultivated flat, protected from inundation by enormous banks. This district is more pleasing to the eye than others which lie farther inland, in respect that it is not wholly without timber, and is adorned with several handsome churches. The fertility of this and similar regions does not of course make them beautiful, but it goes far to redeem their ugliness, at least in the eyes of cultivator or proprietor. On the whole, the scene from the Marshland Bridge at high water will be viewed with pleasure, although it would scarcely repay a mere student of the picturesque for his journey thither. The visitor's present object is the ruined sluice of the Middle Level Drain, which drain joins the Ouse, on its western bank, about three miles above or to the south of the Marshland Bridge. It must be observed that what is here called the Ouse is not the old tortuous channel of that river, but the magnificent watercourse of 120 yards or more in width, named the Eau Brink Cut, which was opened in 1821, in order to provide for the country drained by the Ouse a shorter and deeper outfall towards the sea. Walking up the western bank of this Eau Brink Cut, we come to two parallel drains which empty into it by sluices the water of a large portion of the afflicted district called Marshland. It must not be forgotten that this tract of country is drained entirely by these two outlets, and by other means wholly independent of the Middle Level Drain. Some of the drainage of the district is even carried by culverts under the Middle Level Drain, and a portion of the escaped water has passed through one of these culverts, and created a small inundation on the east side of the Drain, in addition to the great inundation on the west side of it. Immediately above the sluices of the Marshland drains is the outfall of the Middle Level Drain into the Eau Brink Cut. One artificial river about sixty yards in width joins another nearly twice as wide. At the point of confluence of the two rivers lie the ruins of the blown-up sluice. It was a massive work of brick and stone, forming three arches, each fitted with a pair of sluice-gates, and having a roadway carried over it. Two of these arches have been wholly broken up and swept away, leaving only some wreck of masonry and timber visible above the water. The third arch is still standing, but in a shattered and unsafe state, with the stone parapet of the bridge depressed, the brickwork cracked, and the sheet of iron which fills the upper part of the arch above the sluice-gates torn. Leaving this impressive monument of the tremendous power of water, and following the course of the Middle Level Drain, we see that its banks are strewn with evidences of the futility of the early and hurried attempts to build a barrier against the mighty tidal current which rushes up and down the Drain now that the sluice-gates at its mouth have been destroyed. One bridge which carried a roadway has been utterly swept away, so that no portion of it projects over the stream. Two slighter bridges have been less completely obliterated from view, but are for all practical purposes non-existent. This havoc was worked by means of barges filled with clay or stone, which were sunk to form a barrier to the tide, and which the tide gutted of their contents, and then lifted and swept against the bridges. These barges, or the fragments of them, lie bottom-upwards and half submerged along the channel. A countless multitude of corn sacks filled with clay are scattered beneath or on the margin of the current, and piles of brushwood and heaps of clay and stone attest that there was no lack of materials to build a barrier, if only cohesion could have been given to the substances cast into the stream. But all these costly efforts to do hastily a work which demanded time and preparation had about as much effect as if an equal mass of sugar had been cast into the rushing tide. The later and more rational attempt to build a barrier by driving piles has been made immediately below St. Mary's Bridge—the bridge which has been already mentioned as being totally destroyed. At the point chosen for this barrier, the soil is a stiff clay, in which the piles hold firmly. Near the banks, the piles are driven close together, but in midstream there are equal intervals left between them, which will be filled by horizontal planks. Thus a double wall of timber will be carried across the Drain, and as soon as its two parts are completed, the interval between them will be filled with puddled or kneaded clay, of which a vast

quantity has been prepared along the banks, and will be carried by a tramway to the dam, and there tipped into the interval between the timber walls. These are strengthened by iron bolts and braces passing through the piles and planks, and the whole structure is supported by horizontal buttresses of timber, placed at an angle to the walls of the dam, and resting against treble rows of piles driven into the banks of the Drain. There lies near at hand a vast assemblage of corn sacks intended to be filled with puddled clay, and to be applied either inside or outside the walls of the dam to insure still further its stability. As these sacks will have a strong timber structure to support them, it may be hoped that they will remain where they are placed, instead of getting tossed wildly along the banks, as happened to those which went to form the early and futile barriers to the rage of the current. On the whole, this combination of wood, iron, and puddled clay has a substantial workmanlike appearance, and promises to close against the next spring tides the road to the wasted homesteads of the Marshland farmers. But, strong as is the work, it cannot be thought at all too strong by any one capable of estimating the mighty power of the current which will assault it.

Leaving now the dam, with the hope that it will stand as long as may be necessary, we proceed along the bank of the Drain nearly four miles further to the breach. The bank has been swept away for a space of 150 yards, and through the gap thus opened the rising tide pours. The expanse of country flooded is, however, too large to allow the level of the water to be more than slightly altered by the change from flood to ebb. The mischief done on the west side of the Drain is past recall, but is not likely to be extended. But on the east side there is alarm for the safety of the bank, which is known to be getting undermined by the eddy in the stream opposite the breach. A log of timber which has got into this eddy is carried down stream close under the bank, and up stream when it ventures farther out, and then down stream again—showing that there is a circular current working which will infallibly scoop out a hole under the bank, needing many bags of clay to fill it up, and every precaution that can be taken against the threatened subversion of this bulwark, which would spread ruin over another fertile district. Already, as has been above noticed, a portion of the escaped water has flowed through a culvert under the Middle Level Drain, and has spread over a few hundred acres of land on the east side. To prevent this irruption from spreading farther, but without hope at present of reducing it, the steam pumping-engine at Stow is working day and night, and sending up its dark column of smoke into the eastern sky. Two miles away in the opposite direction, another pumping-engine, at Tilney, marks the western limit of the deluge, but this engine cannot work, because the water which it would have to lift is already level with the water of the Marshland Drain, into which it has its outfall. These steam-pumps, with their tall chimneys, are a striking feature in a country which is wholly agricultural, and does not, like parts of the centre and north of England, combine factories with green fields. The steam pumping-engine has, in recent times, almost entirely taken the place of the old-fashioned windmill, which was formerly in use everywhere.

In order to gain some idea of the extent and complication of the drainage works of the Bedford Level, the reader may now transfer himself to a point above the scene of that disaster which has attracted so many visitors to a district hitherto regarded as in the last degree uninteresting. We never heard of holiday excursions to the Eastern Counties, but even those hopeless-looking flats are capable of exciting curiosity. It must, in the first place, be observed that the Bedford Level is divided into three districts, called the North, Middle, and South Levels. The waters of the North Level, a district of 40,000 acres, have their outfall by the river Nene at Wisbeach. The waters of the Middle and South Levels, which form together a district of 245,000 acres, have their outfall by the river Ouse at Lynn. The point of survey which we select is Denver Sluice, upon the Ouse, distant by road about thirteen miles from Lynn. This sluice, which of course excludes the tide, is a massive work of four arches, containing three pairs of sluice-gates and a lock. Its erection was the triumph of a contest which raged for more than half a century between the Commissioners of the Bedford Level and the Corporation of Lynn. Above this sluice the Ouse is a clear and pleasing, although languid stream. Below the sluice, it displays the usual ugliness of a tidal river. Immediately below Denver Sluice are the outfalls of those remarkable features of the early engineering of the Level, called the Old and the New Bedford Rivers. These two watercourses extend, side by side, at an interval of a mile or less, to a length of 21 miles. The object of them was to shorten the course by which the drainage of the upper country might reach the sea. They take out of the Ouse at Erith the water which they return into it below Denver Sluice. The New Bedford River is 100 feet, and the Old River is 60 feet in width. Immediately below their outfalls another watercourse, about as wide as the Old River, also empties itself into the Ouse. This watercourse is called the Well Creek. It plays an important part in the arrangements which are now being made to remedy the disasters of the Middle Level Drain. In order to understand these arrangements it is necessary to follow the Well Creek about three miles westward to a village called Nordelph. From this village the Well Creek runs north-west, or thereabouts, until it meets, about two miles farther on, the Middle Level Drain, which runs, as has been said, rather to the east of north. The Creek is carried over the Drain by an aqueduct. At the village of Nordelph the Well Creek is joined by a drain coming from the south-west, called Popham's Eau, which also crosses the Middle

Level Drain two or three miles south of the point where the Well Creek crosses it. Popham's Eau is one of the works of the earliest speculators or adventurers in reclaiming land, and it bears the name of a Lord Chief Justice who was much concerned in these experiments in the time of King James I. The importance of Popham's Eau, or Potten Sea, as the natives term it, consists in this—that it was the channel of the Middle Level water before the great drain was made; and it is now proposed to turn the water of the Middle Level Drain, or part of it, into Popham's Eau, at the point where the two intersect, and thus to get rid of some of the water which would otherwise flow down the Drain until it reached the dam, which, when completed, would bar its further progress. The water passing through Popham's Eau would enter the Well Creek at Nordelph, and thus fall into the Ouse below Denver Sluice. It is a remarkable example of shortsightedness or blind confidence that a watercourse called Tong's Drain, running from Nordelph into the Ouse, some miles below Denver, was allowed to fall into decay on the completion of the Middle Level Drain, for the sake, as it appears, of saving the wages of a man to take care of the sluice at its mouth. If this drain, which, although in ruins, is a modern work, had been kept in order, the water of the Middle Level might have been discharged into the Ouse by it. But apparently the authors of the grand new drain believed that their work would stand for ever unimpaired, and that no occasional substitute for it could, under any circumstances, be desirable. But the Tong's Drain having gone to ruin, it is now necessary to have recourse to the Well Creek, which has been deepened with great labour during the last three weeks, to make it adequate for becoming at least a partial substitute for the Middle Level Drain. By the time, however, that the Well Creek had been deepened, in order to send water down its course, it was discovered to be urgently necessary to send loaded barges up the same course—which operation was not facilitated by that speedy running-off of water which so much labour had been expended to produce. The barges were intended to carry chalk or "clunch" up the Well Creek to the aqueduct, where their freight was to be transhipped into other barges, and carried down the Middle Level Drain about four miles, either to repair the breach or to strengthen the weak places in the banks. It is curious that the energy of the authorities of the Middle Level should have been thus exerted for their own embarrassment. They had 200 men hard at work to improve the outfall of the Well Creek, and have indeed improved it so effectually, that there is scarcely water left to float up the loads of stone which cannot otherwise be carried to the breach.

The aqueduct by which the Well Creek is carried over the Middle Level Drain is immersed in water at high tide to the depth of about six feet. The pressure of the tidal water on the iron tube of the aqueduct is perhaps a source of danger. Having reached this aqueduct we are close to the point where the turnpike-road from Downham Market to Wisbeach crosses the Middle Level Drain, which road has been already mentioned as the southern limit of the inundation. The circle of observation being thus complete, it remains only to remark that, when the dam is finished, a vast deal of arduous and expensive work still remains to be accomplished. Steam pumping-engines, and also culverts at the sides of the dam, have been suggested as means of discharging below the dam the water which would otherwise be thrown back on the country above, or which must pass to the sea by the system of lateral drainage which we have above partially described. But if the Middle Level Drainage is to be restored to anything like the perfection which its authors boasted to have achieved, the ruined sluice must be rebuilt either in the same or in some other spot. It is said to be in contemplation to make a short new cut into the Ouse, and thus to build the sluice where dry land would be available for carrying on the work. If the sluice is rebuilt at the mouth of or elsewhere in the present channel, either two more expensive dams, or at any rate one, will have to be constructed. In any way, the duty of the Middle Level Commissioners will be difficult, and the tax which they must lay on the lands over which they have jurisdiction will be burdensome. The old Bedford Level Corporation has been, to a great extent, ousted of its authority over the Middle Level, and it will no longer be allowed to place its coat-of-arms upon works executed within that district. This coat-of-arms has for supporters an agriculturist and what is called in modern times a "navigator;" and the motto is *aridet aridum*—a motto which would have been applicable if the business for which the corporation was created had been exactly the reverse of what it is—viz., the bringing water to land that wanted it, and not the carrying off water from land that had too much of it. The motto aptly enough describes the effect of irrigation, but can only be construed so as to describe that of drainage by understanding *aridum* to mean that which has been made dry. Taken in this sense the motto would be a severe satire on the management of the Middle Level Drain, by which of late, instead of the drained land rejoicing, the drowned land has been made to mourn and weep.

FRIENDS OF THE CHURCH.

WE recommend the students of psychology to investigate the mental conformation of certain politicians who consider themselves especial friends of the Church, at a crisis when a little plain sense might have contrived to net a very handsome profit out of the run of luck which that institution owes to the Liberation Society's incredible imprudence. The managers of the dissenting

conspiracy had been so long harping on their safe and time-honoured cry of Toleration that they thought the moment had arrived for a decisive blow, and so they let out, under the gentle pressure of a Lords' Committee, that when they talked of liberty they meant confiscation. They little anticipated the results of their over candour. No sooner had Messrs. Miall, Foster, Carvell Williams, and their gang stepped out from the side scenes in full brigand costume, than they threw the game into their opponents' hands. The Church had but to reconcile the demands made upon it in the name of toleration with its own rights over its own property, to secure an impregnable position. Toleration demanded a settlement of Church-rates involving some liberal scheme of exemption for the benefit of Nonconformists; while the Church's proprietary rights involved a policy of unflinching resistance to all the claims of a joint occupancy, whether in the shape of Bicentenaries or Burial Bills. In proportion as Churchmen really understood their own political position, they could not fail to apprehend that the point which, above all others, they ought never to tamper with nor compromise, is that of the Church being the possessor, not the State's tenant at will (as in many foreign countries), of its own churches and churchyards.

This year's division list at last showed the anti-abolitionist party in a majority—though the narrowest—in the House of Commons, and Sir Morton Peto's impudent Burial Bill, which had been so deservedly kicked out last year, was again before Parliament. It would have seemed almost impossible to have blundered in so simple a case, for all that was needed was an Exemption Bill, coupled with the rejection of the measure which proposed turning all the Dissenting shepherds of the land loose into the churchyards. This was, however, much too natural a solution to suit the ingenuity of politicians who mistake intricacy for statesmanship. The Church-rate question is again stranded on one of Mr. Estcourt's elaborate crotchets, and the Burials Bill has passed that select committee to which it never ought to have been referred, and come out of it in all its primitive deformity.

As we have repeatedly said, the one real grievance which attaches to the actual custom of Church-rates is that of enforcing payment from those who conscientiously dissent from the worship which the impost is intended to sustain—a grievance for which they on their part amply indemnify themselves by using the vestry as an engine of annoyance to their opponents. Some system of exemption—the shortest and the simplest that can be devised—even the proposition which Mr. Bright threw out the other day in a moment of preternatural moderation, would be sufficient, provided it carried with it the equitable consideration of "no pay no talk." There are one or two other anomalies in the actual system which mainly affect Churchmen within their own limits, such as the unsatisfactory condition of district churches, which it would also be as well to take in hand while legislating on the subject. Three or four clauses would dispose of the dissenter's grievance, and about as many more would clear away the objection of churchmen to present arrangements. Mr. Estcourt had, for the moment, become master of the situation, and was in a position to dictate such a policy. If he had done so, even though he had not succeeded at once, he would at least have narrowed the question to its legitimate issue for a coming session, and preserved the initiative of any bill for those who were friendly to the Church. Instead, however, of taking this course, he has invited the House to a consideration of a string of resolutions which, so far as we can pierce the obscurity which hangs round them both in their first and, still more, in their revised shape, imply neither relief to the conscientious dissenter, nor to the snubbed district church. On the other hand, they tighten the stringency of the rate in some parishes, they consolidate the abomination of pew-rents in others, and they wind up by creating a new third class of parishes which is to rejoice in a fancy taxation presenting the peculiarity of a joint caucus of owners and occupiers, mulcting the owners as such for the sustentation of the fabrics.

We shall confine ourselves to the last feature, as we are sure that nobody who has felt the national pulse can for one instant believe in the possibility of any improved process of recovery being devised, unless it is balanced by a very large schedule of remissions; while we know that pew-rents are the one thing which happily fails in winning the approbation of any political section. The monstrosity of a system of taxation which sets up one principle for the taxers and another for the payers, has not escaped notice, and need only be indicated to secure its condemnation. But there are other objections of a social, and not an economic character, to Mr. Estcourt's idea of an owners' rate, which make us heartily desire to see it defeated. The distinction which is set up between the fabric and the worship will help the Liberation gentlemen in their manoeuvres to get a footing inside the buildings. The speculators who imagine that they will secure a competence to the parish churches by converting their support into an exclusive burden upon land, vindicate the change by the assertion that, practically speaking, the greatest portion of the rates come more or less directly out of the squire's income. This may be so, but there is a wide difference between the accidental and secondary results of an old state of things, and their crystallization into the basis of a novel system. The notion is really no more than a practical manifestation of that love for direct taxation with which doctrinaire politicians have so egregiously burnt their fingers. Nobody denies that direct taxation is the more symmetrical system, while everybody but the philosophers has learned that John Bull has unequivocally manifested his preference for the indirect way. Church-rates are the relics of a day when there was no dissent, and hardly any property except land. The

principle on which they grew up was the true and simple one of each parish being composed of so many households, the heads of which met to tax themselves and each other for their common worship. Every householder in those times belonged to the Church, and all out of which he had to pay was the fruit of his land. Now, there is plenty of Dissent and boundless capitalized wealth not depending upon land. It is easy to exempt the Dissenter, but it is neither possible nor desirable to rate personality and raise a Church income tax on the ruins of the Church-rate. This is, however, no reason why we should run into the opposite extreme, and declare, in defiance of common sense and of the tendencies of the age, that the National Church of England is a feudal institution to be maintained by the lords of the soil in virtue of their freeholds. If we do say this, we shall infallibly have the assertion capped by the suggestion, "then it exists for them, and not for the people." The squires who would not even stand the private brewing license will not long tolerate a new and exceptional burden, while the philosophers of progress will take care to load both them and the Church with the odium of being the abettors of an exclusive institution existing for their especial benefit. The people at large will no longer feel their rights secure in a building and services towards which they are not liable theoretically to contribute; and the gentry, conscious of sharp practice towards themselves, will cool in their zeal for an institution which has been strapped to their backs. We omit the further complication of the squire being possibly a professed Nonconformist. The example of Scotland, which has been appealed to in support of the proposal, is a pregnant example of its evil operation. In that country the presbytery assesses, and the lairds perforce pay; yet half the people have in our own time turned Free Kirkers simply because they resented what they consider the undue prerogatives of those very patrons on whom the brant of the taxation falls, while the proprietors themselves—many of them dissenters from Presbyterianism—grudgingly dole out the payments which are equally unpalatable to their convictions and their pockets.

So much for church-rates. The meaning of the Burials Bill was as plain as the Dishcovers are from Rotten Row. The Liberation Society had pledged itself to get the use of the churches, and, as a first step, it bade for the churchyards. Nonconformists may always have their own burial-grounds when they like, as they may have their own chapels; and when they will not, the cases in which the parish clergyman is not compellable to bury them are so rare as to be below the cognizance of the Legislature. It was not the *locus in quo* of the corpse, but the discourse of the minister under the parson's nose which was the point at stake. A simple rejection of the measure (like that of last year), followed, it might be, by a bill "for facilitating the formation of burial-grounds by persons dissenting from, &c." was all that was needed in justice, and the last thing which the promoters of the bill desired. The friends of the Church were, however, unusually clever, and so they sent Sir Morton Peto upstairs, hoping to bring him down again properly tarred and feathered. The result seems to have been that he overtalked some of his opponents, and came back with everything which he wanted. When the clergyman is apprised by the friends of the respected departed that he never believed in anything, he is to be allowed the privilege of being put into the earth with no form at all. We do not much object to this, for the clergyman will be the gainer by being relieved from the necessity of using the words of Christian consolation over an unbeliever or a blasphemer. But if the message is that the deceased did believe in something which cannot square with the Church's burial-service, then the incumbent has the choice of letting in a "man and a brother" to preach at him under the shadow of his own steeple, or else of demanding to know what form of service will be used by a person whose ministerial career has probably been one consistent vituperation of set forms and official mummeries. If he is not satisfied, he has to report his dissatisfaction to the Bishop, and to the Home Office, with the certainty of being trotted out by Mr. Hadfield or Mr. Twelvetyrees (when he shall have attained the ambition of his life), being apologetically defended by the knight of his shire, and serving for six weeks as a cocksby to all the journals which combine the appreciation of good beer with the profession of historic piety.

Disagreeable, however, as the results of the measure may be to individual clergymen, we do not rest our protest against it so much upon their discomfort as upon the precedent which its concessions establish. If friends of the Church do not perceive for themselves that, when once they have opened the churchyard gate to Little Bethel and Ebenezer, they cannot long keep the chosen vessels of grace from the desk and the pulpit, we shall not attempt to give them comprehension. In any case, it is a sorry proof of the wisdom of the Church party in Parliament, that they should have failed so lamentably in taking advantage of their present opportunity. We are well aware that those who have made this mess are but a section of the persons who might have been expected to comprehend interests to which in no little degree they owe their seats; but their want of forethought has, of course, crippled the action of farther-seeing men. In the meanwhile, after and in spite of the Church-rate victory, Sir Morton Peto, the Liberation pet, stands master of the situation.

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS AND THE PRINCE CONSORT'S MEMORIAL.

YEARS ago—it was, we think, soon after the Exhibition of 1851, and in the civic reign of Alderman Challis—a scheme was launched for raising a statue to Prince Albert. The *Punch* of the

period helped to sink the bark before its voyage began by a significant woodcut; "Save me from my friends." It scarcely required, however, the hebdomadal censor's hint, for the Prince, who was most concerned, by the exercise of his own good sense and good feeling soon stopped the premature and inconvenient flow of civil adulation. An Irishman once regretted that he could not assist at his own wake; and we perhaps have never so much missed the fine feeling and accurate gauge both of taste and propriety which in every incident of life the late Prince Consort exhibited, as in almost everything connected with the proposed Memorial to him. We have already commented on certain untoward circumstances which have attended the scheme organized under the Lord Mayor's superintendence; and we have ventured to say that throughout the proceedings connected with the Memorial, the Society of Arts has contrived on every occasion, to use the common expression, to put its foot in it. To the officials of that Society we owed the suggestion, which looked very like a dictation, of the monolith. Here was mischief enough for an active Secretary and an active Society to do. The only result of the obelisk suggestion was to paralyse the general subscription at less than one half of what it is well known the Lord Mayor contemplated as its amount. As soon as it was found that the subscriptions halted at a little over 40,000*l.*, a plan was suggested from the Adelphi for a general penny subscription or something of that sort; and of the history and progress of this scheme we propose to say a few words. It was never pretended that this scheme had Her Majesty's sanction, and the Lord Mayor at once signified his public disapproval of the plan as dishonouring to the Royal memory and unfair to the poor generally. The General Committee of the National Memorial stood studiously aloof from any approval of the Society's scheme for popularizing the subscription. Nothing daunted, however, the Society of Arts assembled a meeting at their house in the Adelphi on April 10, at which a "Report of the Society" was read, recommending a general subscription from the masses, as the phrase is.

The language of "the Society" is noticeable. "Considering that it is due to all the subjects of the Queen, that every individual among them, however humble, should have the opportunity of contributing his mite," the Society proceeds with some tautology to regret that "no steps have been taken to make known to each individual man and woman, constituting the body of the people, the Memorial which it is proposed to erect," and further to recommend that a committee be formed "to afford to every one of Her Majesty's subjects, throughout the United Kingdom and the Colonies, the opportunity of taking a part, however humble, in promoting the Memorial, by subscriptions, however small." The Society, with a very pretty claptrap, recommended that ladies should be associated in the ranks of the proposed committee, "as the women of England would especially rejoice to work in concert with their Queen." It is, of course, needless to add that the Society's recommendation was adopted by the meeting. It was resolved to appoint a general committee "to give effect to the resolution by their collective and individual assistance in the formation of local sub-committees;" and so pleased was the meeting with that charming word "individual," that it passed another resolution on "the special duty of making known to each individual residing either in the parishes and hamlets of the kingdom, or in the Colonies, the character of such Memorial as may be approved by Her Majesty, and to obtain the subscriptions," &c. &c.

On the 15th of April the Committee, so formed, issued a vast envelope full of documents to every clergyman in England, containing—1. The proceedings of the above meeting; 2. Extracts from Prince Albert's Speeches; 3. Suggestions for getting up meetings; 4. Collecting lists; 5. A letter from the Chairman of the Committee. The Chairman observed that his object in addressing his friend, "Reverend Sir," was "that the Fund might include the shillings or pounds of the farmer and tradesman as well as the pence of the artisan and labourer," and then went on to remark that the Society's scheme had met the approval of "several members of the Episcopal Bench." Further, the Chairman suggested that "your Churchwardens, Visitors of the Poor, and School Teachers," might be employed in the scheme; and that the Rev. gentleman himself might "bring the subject before his parishioners, and make such arrangements as will enable them to contribute their offerings, however small, to the intended Memorial." Further hints were furnished by the paper of suggestions. A meeting was to be summoned—"contributions ranging from one penny upwards" were to be solicited—"subscription lists, money-boxes, and collecting cards" were to be "placed in the parish, or other, schools, at the post-office, and at other places of the most common resort" [i.e. public-house bars?], and all remittances and reports were to be sent to the Treasurer and Hon. Secretaries, at the House of the Society of Arts, Adelphi, London.

Certainly this was pretty well: the directions to the clergy were specific enough, and the work required of them was large enough. On the 15th of April this waste to the clergy was issued. On pain of incurring the high displeasure of the Society of Arts, and its Committee of Lords and Ladies, every clergyman, every churchwarden, every district visitor, and every school teacher in England, Ireland, Scotland, and the Colonies was to lay aside every work and send round the hat for the Penny Memorial. For what reason we know not—perhaps because the Committee itself failed in executing the first duty with which it had charged itself, of "making known the character of such Memorial as may be approved by Her Majesty"—but from the sequel it appears that the receipt of the Committee did not receive that general or early

attention which its chairman had anticipated. We can quite imagine that even the most active, that is, the most fussy and ubiquitous of curates, however bent on doing as he was told by "several members of the Episcopal Bench," and a long array of people whose names are written in the Book of the Peerage, would hesitate before he asked Hodge or Jenny for a penny to be spent upon a big stone, or a new House for the Society of Arts, or a row of lodging-houses for Bethnal Green, or for an annual prize for fat pigs, drain-pipes, hollow bricks, or virtuous serving maids—each one of them being "some object of comprehensive utility, which the Prince Consort had at heart." But, whatever the cause, the penny subscription seems to have languished, and in five weeks after issuing their first Pastoral Letter the Committee forwarded to the hesitating clergy a second missive, which we prefer to reprint in extenso:—

THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL TO THE PRINCE CONSORT.

House of the Society of Arts, Adelphi, London, W.C.

May 24, 1862.

Rev. Sir,—We wish to call your attention to the first published list of subscriptions to the National Memorial to the Prince Consort.

We take this opportunity of reminding you that we had the honour of addressing you in April, and we should be glad to hear from you what steps you have taken to enable the people to subscribe to the National Memorial.

I have the honour to be, Rev. Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

ST. ALBAN'S, Chairman.

On the 15th of April the Society of Arts sends its first circular, and on the 24th of May sends a dunning letter to the clergy requiring the bill drawn a month before to be cashed immediately. Now with all respect to the noble Duke who has signed it, we cannot but characterize this circular as not only impertinent in itself—not only taking a very great liberty with the memory of the lamented Prince Consort—but cruel to the clergy. On them this circular throws the whole responsibility of "enabling the people to subscribe to the national Memorial." Are the clergy to be charged with disabling the people from giving their pence to a Memorial the character of which nobody knows, because in five weeks they have not thought proper, at their own cost and trouble, to go round every parish in the United Kingdom and the Colonies with collecting cards and money-boxes, and to make an early remittance to the Adelphi? Even if they had been disposed to obey the more than Royal or Episcopal injunctions of the Society of Arts, Easter services and Easter vestries might have pleaded some little longer indulgence before "St. Alban's, Chairman" reminded the Clergy, "collectively and individually," that last month he and his friends had addressed a packet of printed papers to the Parsonage, to which the noble Duke required immediate and pecuniary attention.

But from all that we can hear, the clergy are not disposed to attend to these severe rescripts; and they decline to accept the hard task which, without their consent, has been thrown upon them by the Society of Arts. They may reasonably feel that Bishops they know, and Archdeacons they know, and that the secretaries of a hundred societies they know; but who or what are Sir Thomas Phillips, Mr. Henry Cole, C.B., and Mr. Le Neve Foster? Canonical obedience they do not owe to any society in the Adelphi, nor were they and their district visitors and school teachers sworn or engaged to gather penny subscriptions for a large stone. The Queen they reverence, and the Prince Consort's memory they affectionately cherish; but they have missionary meetings to organize and to subscribe to, school subscriptions to gather, and generally to double out of their own small means. They have the church to adorn, and often to repair. The clothing club, the sick fund, the blanket society, the provident institution—all these things they have to set agoing, or to keep agoing; and they can scarcely ever get a shilling for these purposes from "the farmer and tradesman," let alone "the labourer and artisan." And even if they did succeed in terrorizing the parish into giving its pence for the National Memorial, they know from experience what the consequences would be to themselves and to their local institutions. The parochial subscription for the Prince's Obelisk, if extorted, would be made the excuse by nine farmers out of ten for economizing in the matter of the Sunday-school, for retrenching in the parish societies, and for declining to give five shillings to the Bread and Coal Fund.

We must say it distinctly, that for all the mismanagement connected with the Prince Consort's Memorial the officious and ill-judging zeal of the Society of Arts is responsible. To their dictation of the form of the Memorial is owing the slackness of the public to contribute to an object the success of which every one has at heart. We honour most sincerely the memory of the Prince; and we desire to get a Memorial worthy of him and of the country. But it requires something more than faith to give before we know what form the Memorial is to take. If, then, the subscription halts, we have only to thank the Society for its scheme of the obelisk, which they are forced to abandon; and for the waste of time consequent upon that scheme and its abandonment. And as to the policy of the penny subscription, it is wrong to charge upon the clergy, as the Duke of St. Alban's has done, the faults of the Society. Nothing has hitherto prevented "each individual man and woman" from subscribing to the General Fund, organized at the Mansion House, except the Society's own blunders; and now they are trying to retrieve those blunders by a greater blunder. The General Committee has discouraged the penny subscription; they think it unfair to the poor and degrading to the Crown, and to the memory of the Prince. The Society of Arts thinks differently, and gets up another Committee of its own—as it seems to us to

oppose the policy of the General Committee—and forces upon every parish in the country this shabby begging-letter plan, the details of which are taken from slit cards and blank envelopes of the distressed curate, who asks you for a shilling to pay a bill which he has incurred for printing an unreadable sermon. The consequences are, universal disgust and very significant mutterings about the good taste and good feeling of "St. Alban's, Chairman" and his titled friends. If it is of such importance to get a national memorial as the Committee represent, the reply to their circular is easy. They themselves—the Lords and high Estates who are now sending round the hat as at a penny-wedding or a St. Giles's burial—would find it just as easy to subscribe 50,000*l.* out of their own pockets as it is for many a curate and many a ploughman whom they are addressing, to give his shilling or his penny.

THE DISTRESS IN LANCASHIRE.

THE conduct of the people of Lancashire is the only subject connected with the American war on which it is possible to look with unmixed satisfaction. Of the combatants themselves, the Federals have shown an energy and a power of organization worthy of a free people; but both are exerted for the purpose of forcing a particular form of Government on 8,000,000 of men of their own race, who, as their enemies are now obliged to admit, regard it with an aversion which is almost unanimous, and daily increases in intensity. The Confederates have defied with courage and pertinacity the Government they have abandoned; but they abandoned it under circumstances and in a manner which must materially qualify their claims on general sympathy. But the suffering and loss that the artisans of Lancashire are now enduring through the American dissensions can be second only to those which have fallen on the inhabitants of the towns that have been occupied and the districts that have been traversed by the hostile armies. And the larger part even of the Southern population, consisting as it does of the landless freemen, habitually enjoys no more than a bare subsistence, and is at all times in a more degraded and hopeless condition than falls to the lot of any European population. Nothing but famine could make its condition more intolerable than it usually is in time of peace; and, with the rich soil of the Southern States, it is unlikely that their inhabitants will have to face that calamity. It is probable that the class of planters alone finds its prosperity materially impaired; and when the planter sets fire to his store of cotton, or allows his lands to be laid waste, he is gratifying a passion that for the time is able to extinguish every other, and he looks forward to an ample reward in the independence of the country, the government of which will, he expects, pass exclusively into the hands of the limited class to which he belongs. But the English artisan, perhaps, has sacrificed the savings of years, and will have to recommence, long after middle life, the task of securing for himself the means of passing a respectable old age. He has certainly had to exchange a regular and healthy employment, which afforded ample wages, for one injurious at least from its novelty, and bringing week by week a pittance which, in the time of his prosperity, he would not have hesitated to spend in recreation. It is true that he has often suffered as keenly in times past from privations incurred through a policy which he had himself deliberately adopted; but then he has generally taken care that the extent of his own resources, which he always carefully husbanded for the purpose, should determine the duration of his persistency. Moreover, he belongs to a class of men keenly sensitive on everything that touches, or seems to touch, their dignity, and almost morbidly alive to the width of the gulf that separates their own class from the class below them. Now, however, he has to suffer, in no cause of his own, privations no less severe, and likely to last far longer, than any of which he has yet had experience. And at the same time he feels himself in danger of being confounded with the class he despises; while his pride is outraged at finding himself wholly dependent on others. Yet he is supported by no prospect of ultimate advantage to himself, by no momentary enthusiasm, not even by a conviction that he suffers what is inevitable. Until lately it has seemed at least probable that a single act of national injustice would terminate his disasters. The breaking of the blockade appeared a short time ago at least as justifiable an expedient for the cure of the calamities of the Lancashire operatives as, and one far more likely to be successful than, the breaking of machinery in days gone by. Yet it has scarcely been so much as named among them. No more remarkable change is recorded in history than that which within twenty years seems to have come upon this population. In circumstances which would so recently have proved them at best thoughtless and impulsive, they have shown only noble endurance and intelligent patriotism. The increase of crime was then an almost infallible test of the increase of distress; now, distress is rapidly increasing, but crime continues steadily to decrease. A period of distress now suggests to the sufferers the necessity for reflection and debate—it is not allowed to become an occasion for confusion and discontent. If this great change is permanent, it will be impossible not to acknowledge that it is the most momentous revolution of our time; and the brilliant improvements which the same period has produced in the processes of manufacture will be wholly eclipsed by the change which will have been wrought in the character of the manufacturing population. The progress of education, and the increased facilities for obtaining political knowledge, will have largely contributed to this happy result; but

it must not be forgotten that a confidence, unknown before, in the wisdom and justice of Parliament, has now been implanted in the minds of the people by several years' experience of the results of a legislation very different from that with which the last generation was acquainted. Something, too, is probably owing to the self-imposed discipline of the strikes. Absurd and disastrous as they almost always were, they could not fail to teach the people habits of self-control and forethought. However ill-judged are the ends men seek, they can never sacrifice the present to the future without some salutary results accruing from their self-denial.

Since this was the temper with which the manufacturing population had met its misfortunes, the recent speeches of Mr. Farnall naturally received the approbation of the country. The whole purpose of those speeches was to put the most liberal interpretation on the rules which regulate the administration of public relief. And no doubt he has decided many points, if in accordance with principles acknowledged by the Poor Law Board, still in a manner wholly inconsistent with the interpretation commonly put upon them by the local Boards of Guardians. It would almost seem that the central office must hitherto have advisedly kept to itself the knowledge it has now lavished so freely. There are, we are sure, many guardians who have been startled to hear, for the first time during the last fortnight, that neither the want of furniture which might be sold, nor the absence of other sources of relief, is a necessary condition of the receipt of aid from the rates. How often has the half-crown given weekly to the out-door pauper been reduced to eighteen-pence because he was in the habit of receiving a shilling from some other quarter! But such proceedings are, it seems, not justified—or at least, not required—by the rules or by the practice of those who possess the highest authority in the administration of the poor-rates. If the interpretation is really as time-honoured as Mr. Farnall would have us suppose, we are, for the sake of the Lancashire operatives, heartily glad to hear it. If it is an innovation, we are glad that the innovation has been made at this time. The usual object for which relief is given at the public cost is merely to keep alive those who receive it. The object with which relief is, or should be, afforded to the distressed operatives at the present time, is, as Mr. Farnall well put it, to enable them to return to their work, when the time arrives, unwasted and unweary.

The first place among the resources which have supported the operatives up to the present time belongs to the savings of the men themselves. Taking the town of Preston, Mr. Farnall shows that while the additional burthen on the poor rates during the six months preceding April last, did not exceed 7,000*l.*, and while the subscriptions to the relief-fund, even up to the present time, do not greatly exceed the same sum, the operatives themselves may be said to have contributed upwards of 18,000*l.* This sum represents the excess of payments made by the Savings' Banks and Friendly Societies of Preston, during the last five months, over their average payments during a period of that duration. But this resource is now nearly at an end, and the operatives will have to rely exclusively on the support of the rates and of general subscriptions. It might be thought that, for the sake of the great mass of poor occupiers, who directly or indirectly contribute to the rates, and hundreds of whom seem now on the point of augmenting the mass of pauperism which already exists, it would be expedient to take some steps for the purpose of permitting this most exceptional calamity to be relieved by wholly exceptional measures. But Mr. Farnall declares that if a rate of 3*s.* be levied between the present time and December next, the wants of the most unfortunate of all the distressed unions will be amply relieved. High as this tax on a particular kind of property undoubtedly is, it is still not higher than that which is endured in many other parts of the country. A proposition has recently been made at Manchester, and has there received considerable support, the object of which is to raise a subscription for the purpose of lending money without interest to those who suffer from the present calamity. Many objections are inseparable from a scheme which, in a time of distress, places money within the reach of men, without its being in their power to make any immediate exertion in return for it. But if the aid contemplated in such a scheme were strictly confined to the advance of money for the payment of the rates of those on whom they would otherwise press with undue severity, not only would the scheme itself be worthy of adoption, but it would take away the greatest of all objections that lie against the plan of making the poor rates continue responsible for the relief of the distress that is so steadily increasing.

The vexed question of the labour test may now be said to have received a satisfactory solution. Labour is to be demanded in return for relief, not because any one doubts the good faith of the men who claim it, but because it is thought better for them that they should feel they are not mere recipients of charity, but make some return for what they receive. And it cannot be denied that every honourable man would prefer to make some such return. The Lancashire operatives seem not to have been of that opinion at first. And it is easy to understand how this opinion, so inconsistent in appearance with every other part of their conduct, became so prevalent. They looked upon labour done at the bidding of the guardians in the light in which alone they had been accustomed to regard it. It was a sign of degradation, necessary to prevent the robbery of the public at the hands of those upon whom it was imposed. Now, however, it is acknowledged that the operatives work willingly and contentedly, if not

well. They object only to particular kinds of work which unfit their hands for their proper occupation. From these no one is more eager to relieve them than Her Majesty's Commissioners.

THE EXHIBITION AT BROMPTON.

THERE is but little to chronicle or to remark about the Brompton Exhibition. Just as those chapters of history are the happiest which are also the dulllest, the Exhibition has arrived at that stage when Commissioners, having exhausted their possibilities and capacities in blundering, leave it alone. Everybody except the season-ticket holders, who have been fleeced out of their guineas merely for the sake of seeing the whole show laboriously struggling through incompleteness, and mismanagement, and mistakes to a decent mediocrity, may now make the best of what is now past mending or marring. The Commissioners have not of late signalized themselves. We must do them the justice to say that in some instances the complaints of the public have been attended to; while in some they have been disregarded or overlooked. At present it seems their whole energies are concentrated in making the Exhibition pay. Serious suspicions have been overclouding the official mind. Guarantors are trembling in their shoes, and every device is eagerly seized for sweeping every penny into the till. Royalties are demanded for the care of the sticks and umbrellas, for the hire of opera-glasses, and for permission for Bath chairs to ply in the building. The photographers have been made to pay largely for exclusive privileges within the edifice, and the contractors for refreshments have been charged so severe a rent that they can only make a profit by extortion or shabbiness. From all accounts which reach us, there is nothing to be proud of in the *cuisine* of either contractor; and for the first few days of the Exhibition the papers set up a concurrent chorus of complaints against dearth and dirtiness. But a judicious dinner to the "Gentlemen of the Press" has not been without its uses, and Messrs. Morris and Veillard, who are either the same concern or who certainly understand each other, are animated by no more formidable rivalry than exists in two opposition railways, which generally find it convenient at last to play into each others' hands against their common victim, the public. The scheme of selling packets of tickets for distribution at a trifling percentage of commission in favour of the purchaser, is a good stroke of business, slightly recalling the practice of theatrical orders. But let it pass. It will bring grist to the mill, and is at any rate an improvement on the first intention of the Commissioners, who once had the softness to propose to sell twenty shilling tickets for twenty-one shillings; for it was only after it was found that this remarkable scheme scarcely attracted popular confidence that the present plan of twenty-one tickets for twenty shillings was agreed upon. However, we have scarcely any official blunders to record—the Commissioners, having exhausted worlds, can scarcely imagine new. It is said that a regular army of 60,000 visitors a-day will relieve the guarantors; and already on the Derby Day 50,000 were in the building, so that the pecuniary prospects, though not bright, are not absolutely at the nadir.

If we speak with some coldness of the whole Exhibition, it must be borne in mind that we write after experience. The process of disillusionizing is not favourable to an enthusiastic or rapturous estimate. The burnt child dreads the fire. We reckoned too much upon what would come of the Exhibition of 1851, and this compels us to be calm and judicial, and even critical, on its successor. Much meditating in Hyde Park, eleven years ago, we thought that we had found in the magic temple of Paxton a bond of international union stronger than Quadruple Alliances, and a cheap defence of the peoples superior to that of Quadrilaterals. We have been rudely enough disenchanted. We also looked at the Exhibition of 1851 as a school and a lecture-room. We scorned to speak of it as a show. A Great International Exhibition addressed itself, we said or felt, or thought we felt, to stimulate high influences. It is not for dandies or loungers, but for serious thinkers. It is for philosophers and men of taste, and men both of practice and theory. It is Political Economy, written, not in books, but in the everlasting characters of iron and stone, and cotton and steel. These Great Exhibitions are the epitome of all history, the coming shadows of the world that is to be. We looked for schools and classes, and lectures springing up in connection with the Exhibition, and some of these things were tried. But they failed; and all or most of our high aspirations failed. And when people are balked of a sentiment, they are not likely to become sentimental a second time.

But was it not that the scientific attention was too much scattered by the diversity of objects in the old Exhibition? Ought not Science and Art to have their own choice temple—a sacred and inner retreat from vulgarity and the shop? So pleased were we with this notion that a Palace at Sydenham arose more beautiful than the Palace at Hyde Park; and here was History in Art, and Art in History, and the very highest teaching of the very highest teachers in the very highest language. But somehow or other it would not do, and the Sydenham Palace has become something a little higher than a Tea Gardens, and a little less than a Bazaar. It contains facts elsewhere unattainable; but its sumptuous and instructive courts are seldom trod by those who crowd below Blondin's rope, and cluster round the pork-pie tables. Here has been another serious break-down of our high expectations. The note that was pitched was perfectly unattain-

able. We aimed at making Great Exhibitions educational instruments, and we have failed. We once thought it possible to turn a staff of lecturers, followed by a train of docile pupils, into a Great Exhibition; and visions of peripatetic lectures on the Useful and the Beautiful, illustrated by the machinery and the statuary *in situ*, suggested themselves. But we have grown older, wiser, less impressionable. The past has not been without its warnings.

But if we are disenchanted, let the present Great Exhibition stand for what it is. It is a magnificent collection of splendid things and paltry things, dear things and queer things. It brings together objects on which taste, invention, and skill have been lavished, and on which, perhaps, pretentious ignorance has not been wasted. It is a great epitome of trade, thought, fashion, art, and manufacture such as it is. But the yarn is a very mingled one. The lesson taught, if any lesson is taught, is perplexing and full of confusion. There is no tree in the midst of this paradise which tells of the knowledge of good and evil. Such a collection is just as likely to mislead as to instruct. Those great insolent specimens of Gobelins and Aubusson work, for example, which attract so much notice are perhaps among the most mischievous objects in the Exhibition; and the extant confusion about principles of taste is likely to be worse confounded by such a *mélange* of styles and principles as the Exhibition shows. Classical, mediæval, *cinque-cento*, *renaissance*, revival, Louis XIV., and Mr. Soane, all are here and all perplex us. There ought to be, as there was once at the South Kensington Museum, a Chamber of Horrors as well as a Tribune of Honour—and indeed there is a Chamber of Horrors, only the Commissioners thought proper to erect it in the very middle of the nave. It is not that we do not appreciate the general advances of good taste in England since 1851. Making all allowance for what our Schools of Design have done—and they have done a good deal—still we must say that there is, in almost every department of British manufacture, except that of glass and porcelain, and perhaps of paper-hanging, a distinct proof that if, from subsidizing foreign art and cultivating English art, we know what we ought to make, we are also deliberately and intentionally making things in every department of manufacture that are vile and abominable, only because they will sell. As a pattern book by which rival manufacturers can compare their wares and the probable value of their investments, the Exhibition has great commercial importance. As a means of educating taste, it is, as we have said, just as likely to do harm as good. As a register of the exact state of manufacture all over the world, it is not to be trusted—or, which may be the case, India, Russia, and Spain, which showed so well in 1851, have strangely degenerated. As a lounge and pleasant holiday place, with all its drawbacks, it is an enjoyable one, and, as far as the picture galleries go, an unequalled one. But when we look to it as an educational instrument, and ask what is its value as a collection teaching or illustrating art and taste, we say that it ought to have been one-third the size, and that at least two-thirds of the collection are positively mischievous for any purpose higher than that of an "Emporium of Fashion."

And now, as it is the custom to "ask for a word or two about ourselves," we have something to say about the *Saturday Review* and the Exhibition generally; and we may as well say that our previous remarks were all written before an article about the Exhibition and the Press which appeared in the *Times* of Thursday. What we have to add, therefore, may be taken for a postscript to our own article. Some of our friends, especially our readers in the country, have been surprised by our general tone of stricture and our lack of confidence in the Exhibition generally. Possibly we may have been charged with a stupid and ungenerous prejudice against trade generally; and in some distant quarters people could not understand us when we denounced the shopkeeping aspect of the whole concern, and the arts of puffing and advertising by which the bubble was inflated. Well, now, the whole secret—a secret well known not only to ourselves, but to most people who move in the London world—is out; and the *Times* is obliged to notice, and of course to denounce, a system of mutual bribery and puffery, which is of course disgraceful enough to everybody concerned, but in which it is not quite convenient to convict or to name the offenders. It is only another form of poor Mr. Dixon's case—fool on one side and knave on the other. A venal Press and a grasping tradesman soon come to an understanding and to a misunderstanding. The scandal ever since the Exhibition has been opened, and, indeed, before it was opened, has been as well known as King Charles's statue at Charing Cross. The Puffers were "squared," as the slang phrase is. Hence the concert of adulation, the vats of fat greasy praise, the chorus of superlatives and benedictions which were poured upon the Exhibition, the Exhibitors, the Commissioners, the Contractors, the wares, the management, and upon everybody concerned, from perrwig to shoe-tie. We own that we were disgusted; flesh and blood could not stand this; and knowing the hollowness and venality of it all, we have once and again said some sharp things about *claqueurs*, and hired advocates, and advertising. And now all the world knows that we were right; and that we had ample reason for our lack of confidence, our reserve, and our attitude and words of suspicion. With a cheap Press, and with some "Gentlemen of the Press" recruited from quarters where honour and probity are rare virtues, these things are likely to occur again. What is to be regretted is that when we see them

at work; honourable journalists generally are tempted, in sheer disgust, to be chary of praise, knowing that the public judgment "of the English press" is bought and sold for a trumpery dinner at a second-rate restaurateur's.

DERBY-DAY INCIDENTS.

IF the Japanese Ambassadors happen to be of a philosophic turn of mind, and take an interest in searching into the motives of particular acts, they must have been a little at a loss to understand what induced so many thousands of people to assemble on Epsom Downs last Wednesday. An event which is begun and ended in less than five minutes might not seem to a Japanese to possess intrinsic attraction to bring myriads of spectators together; and there can be no doubt that large numbers of persons put themselves to inconvenience and trouble to attend the Derby altogether incommensurate with the enjoyment they derive from the experiment. One has only to survey the Downs from the Grand Stand to perceive that an important element of satisfaction in being present at a race—the pleasure of seeing it—is totally withheld from a considerable portion of the visitors. It is impossible for all the spectators to get to the front; and last Wednesday there must certainly have been two-fifths of the crowd who saw nothing more than a jockey's cap and perhaps the tip of a horse's nose. More than half probably even of those who actually saw the race were incapable of entering into the spirit of it, and understood little or nothing about it. Their unpractised eyes could not discriminate between the jockeys or the horses as they flashed by, and whether the favourite was ahead or not they neither knew nor cared. It is nonsense, therefore, to talk of the race itself being the all-absorbing attraction to the multitude. To lovers of horses and "votaries" of the turf the race is everything, but the artisan and his family come with a different purpose. "There are few," sententiously remarked the *Times* on Tuesday morning, "who can look at the noble creatures whose powers of speed are the cause of the day's gathering without admiration and fondness, or can witness the enjoyment of the great mass of human beings without a sympathetic pleasure." These are fine sentiments, but they were very likely as far beyond the comprehension of the ordinary holiday seeker as they are wide of application to the circumstances of the scene. Imagine the "fondness," for instance, with which the losing horses were regarded by the losing men, and the admiration awakened for that "noble creature" Caractacus in the breasts of those who had backed the Marquis. The homily reaches a climax of inappropriateness when it bids us regard the occasion as a sign of the prosperity and content of the English people. It is a sign that a certain number of gentlemen take a sincere and honourable interest in a national sport, that thousands want to make all the money they can, and that other thousands desire to relieve the monotony of their lives by means of a little excitement. That is the "moral" of the Derby, and perhaps it is all that the *Times* intended to convey, only that the writer thought it necessary to clothe his ideas in imposing and stately language.

The unusually large number of horses entered, and the strong muster of strangers and foreigners, made the Derby this year even better worth seeing than it invariably is. The railway companies must have laid by a good store towards the next dividend, but the popularity of the road had by no means fallen off. By eleven o'clock the trees and fields were whitened with the dust, and those ladies who had arrayed themselves sumptuously for the occasion soon discovered that thick layers of dust effectually destroy all distinctions of dress. The block of vehicles, at some stages of the journey, was as bad as it is any day in the City, during the busy hours; and at such times the native humour of the occupants of greengrocers' carts was exercised with great vigour, and with but moderate success. The foreigners, who must have caused a complete dearth of postillions, fell in for rather an undue share of the rough and ready compliments of the throng; and, lest they should lose anything by ignorance of our language, Mr. Leech's drawing of "Mossoo going to the Derby" was held before their admiring eyes. The turnpikes were the nuisances of the day, and if "Mossoo" did not always get quite so much change as he was entitled to, the mistake may be ascribed to the fact that the collectors appeared in some instances to have fortified their nerves with frequent draughts of strong waters. The worst part of the road was that between Epsom and the Downs, and, as usual, the doomed conveyances came to grief before the horses could be tortured up the last hill. The good-natured folks who look after the spiritual welfare of mankind, and regard with mournful eyes those erring mortals who visit a racecourse, were very busy with their tracts—their "Aids to the Unconverted," their "Last Appeals," their "Awful Warnings," and that favourite exercitation, "Sinner, put on the Skid." Among the distributors of this nourishing manna were two or three persons in clerical garb, and we do not question that the hope of getting a surreptitious peep at the race was the very last thing that entered their thoughts. Lamentable as it is to record the circumstance, it is nevertheless true: that the benevolent persons who "gave away" a guinea watch-chain for a shilling seemed to be more highly appreciated than the charitable individuals who charged the crowd with coming to Epsom to do the work of one whose title it is not necessary to specify.

The amusements of the crowd on the race-course scarcely seem of a cheerful character. There is no room to move about freely,

and there is not much to see except each other's whitened backs and the luxuriant foliage and distant hills, calm and beautiful in the sunlight, and presenting an almost majestic contrast to the giddy tumult and excitement going on immediately around. The really picturesque country at Epsom never shows to greater advantage than on a fine Derby-day, when the eye turns with relief from the agitated concourse to the unchangeable repose and grandeur of the varied landscape. No one could have wished for a finer day than we had on Wednesday. A refreshing breeze tempered the heat of the sun, and a shower of rain to lay the dust was alone wanting. The common "sports" of a fair, and many additional devices for swindling, abound all over the Downs; and perhaps the only change that might have been noted in the general appearance of the course was an increase in the number of men, and a falling-off in the attendance of the fair sex. The book-makers were rather more boisterous than ever, and it was impossible to escape the urgent solicitations of greasy-looking prowlers to "put the pot on" one of the favourites. Outside the Grand Stand the very scum of the betting fraternity did their best to cajole artisans out of a shilling or half-a-crown, and numerous were the defaulters among this tribe after the Derby had been run for. One rascal decamped with his "engagements" as the easiest mode of settling them, and the angry victims avenged themselves by demolishing a tent which had been hired by the swindler—the punishment thus falling on an innocent person, as will sometimes happen in this world in more important matters. The well-known difficulty in clearing the course—the booby who will ride up and down until nearly overturned by Mr. Dorling—the cowed and unhappy dog—the vain efforts of policemen to persuade ladies to duck beneath the ropes out of the course—the cheers, the shouts, the storm of cries and universal confusion—these inevitable incidents of the Derby-day happened just as they always have done and will do. The Japanese Ambassadors, who had a special stand erected for them next to the Grand Stand, were the objects of many surmises on the part of the crowd—some maintaining that they were Chinese, and the majority affirming that the suite were women. The ambassadors wore straw-hats which would overshadow two ordinary men, and were altogether of a pattern novel to Englishmen—consequently some very pointed remarks were made concerning them, though at a respectful distance. Once the mob got up a cheer for the party, which the Ambassadors seemed to relish exceedingly, acknowledging it by touching the rim of their wonderful hats. The crowd divided their attention pretty equally between these functionaries and the horses which ran in the several races.

For those who sought other pleasures there was a Fat Girl—so uncommonly fat that the showman, who ought to know, declared she was bigger "nor ever Dan'l Lambert were." A likeness of the young person outside the show fully justified this description—an ordinary man's body round the waist would be thin compared with the delicate creature's arm. But there is a "padding" known to females as well as to newspaper editors, and perhaps the damsel of the show could reveal a secret or two touching the matter if it were worth her while. Close by was a poor little girl on stilts, a clown, and a boy, looking as if they had stepped out of the picture of "A Rainy Day" at the Academy to try their fortunes at Epsom. A melodious gong called attention to the pugilists, who may possibly increase in valour by the lapse of time, but who certainly fall off miserably in personal charms. The "leading" pugilists had tents where "refreshments" of a certain kind were sold, but whether or not those who partook thereof had reason to repent of their rashness or not is uncertain. Hordes of beggars swarmed over the Downs. Mutilated sailors, very good imitations—women with five or six squalling children—the collier who cried out that his "left leg had been burnt from the foot to the breast"—examples, in short, of every class of London street beggars importuned the passer-by for alms. More wonderful than all the contents of all the shows were the endless varieties of the human species assembled within that radius of a mile and a half. The snob was in full bloom. The people who pretend to know stable secrets were crawling about, trying to pick your pocket, with or without your consent—farmers from the country, with their hands kept fast over their bunches of seals, as though any one could run away with a ship's cable without being caught in the act—foreigners innumerable—the prettiest women in the world, and the ugliest—the wealthiest men and the poorest, met together, as of old, to celebrate the Derby. The study of human character as delineated in the countenance will never cease to be an interesting one, and this alone would give a value to the occasion. Whether with a "sympathetic pleasure" or not, it is always good to look upon large masses of people assembled for enjoyment, and there is no opportunity for studying the spectacle under such favourable circumstances as on the Derby-day.

The first race just serves to stimulate the appetite, and it gives time for those who bet to alter their minds if they begin to fear. When the bell rings to clear the course for the great event the excitement even among those who have no money at stake becomes very considerable. The preliminary canter of the horses affords a last chance for the betting men to amend their previous judgment, and on Wednesday the favourites were of course followed by thousands of eager eyes, while the horse which subsequently proved the winner passed unnoticed. A prophet who could have directed one's attention to that "noble animal" an hour before the race, would have been a friend worth having. Just by the Grand Stand there is a space specially devoted to a class of persons who muster at Epsom in powerful detachments—the pickpockets.

More than a dozen were seized and brought in, livid and enraged, just before the great race. The Japanese looked curiously at these culprits as they were marched up in front of their stand, where the "receiving house" happened to be placed. Everything was soon ready for the race, and several false starts only served to increase the excitement of the enormous multitude. Then came the momentous struggle, the brilliant colours of the jockeys gleaming in the sun, and the whole mass moving swiftly round the course as though they were toys worked by a spring. Who has not heard the eager, excited cries, and watched the anxious faces of the assembly in the Grand Stand as the horses round Tattenham Corner? The mass cheer in all directions—but some have thousands upon thousands of pounds at stake, and straining eyes watch for the coming of the favourite. The suspense is short. In a very few minutes the decisive figures are run up, pigeons are let loose, the telegraph flashes the result to all parts of the empire, and a sum of money vast enough to buy up a good sized kingdom has been lost and won. The mob rush after the horses the instant they have passed, and collect in a dense mass in the hope of seeing them when the jockeys come up to be weighed. Then there are other races, which no one cares particularly about, and the human tide once more sets in towards London. Those who return by rail are decidedly better off than those who take to the road, for the dust by this time resembles a fog, and what is more awkward still, a good many of the drivers are not quite in such good temper and spirits as they were in the morning. The consequence is that disputes are frequent, and sometimes wax furious; and nothing can be more pitiable than the aspect of some of the travellers, and especially the ladies, by the time they reach London. Half-suffocated and blinded with dust, wearied out, and undergoing a painful reaction from the excitement of the day, the aspect of each successive party may well console those who have stayed at home for not having seen the Derby.

It would be extremely interesting to be made acquainted with the exact impressions created in the minds of the Japanese by the scene they had the opportunity of witnessing. How will they describe the race? Will they think the whole affair a wonderful waste of time, trouble, and money? At the very least they must have been struck with the scale on which our chief national sport is managed; and they may be disposed to allow that, even if we do not understand the proper way of dressing our persons or our hair, we do know how to train up horses and to pit them against each other in a race.

MR. LEECH'S SKETCHES IN OIL.

MR. LEECH has opened a pretty little exhibition at the Egyptian Hall of certain choice selections from subjects in *Punch*, expanded in size on canvas by an ingenious process patented by the Electro-Block Printing Company, and painted over in oil by himself. As a mere achievement of mechanical skill, this process is to be highly commended. It enlarges the exact studies of the original draftsman, and produces in a material form the success of the microscope. But when painted over by the artist himself, each impression becomes an original work of art; and the effect is the same as of a photograph portrait in that coloured form so much in favour with the ladies when the miniaturist has softened the harsh lines and only too truthful records of the unflattering camera. Mr. Leech's sketches are now offered to collectors in a form worthy to live; and he guarantees never to produce a replica. The exhibition of these specimens is calculated to enhance the artist's pictorial reputation; but the occasion is one on which to place on record a general estimate of Mr. Leech's great services not only to the arts but to society.

The caricaturist is a creation of modern society. The province which he now occupies with the pencil was in other days filled by the pen. Perhaps Aristophanes presents the nearest parallel to the social sketcher of our own days. It might be a curious enquiry how this social artist came into being. Hogarth was perhaps the first who seriously undertook the work of presenting moral and social lessons—a whole comedy or tragedy of life—on a large scale and with an ethical purpose. Teniers and the Dutch school never went beyond a coarse and prosaic treatment of the personal, and often vulgar, facts of common life. They did not generalise nor instruct, nor paint a plot. A Dutch painter was not a satirist; and when painting or drawing assumed a satirical purpose, it did not, before Hogarth, employ its peculiar language with a moral aim. Our older school of serial and political caricaturists were not moral teachers. They only sought to disparage an antagonist or to expose a vice by coarse exaggeration and mere abuse. Gillray and Rowlandson only aimed at achieving their object, low as it was, by distortion and clumsy gestures. They did but little more than call names, and their shafts were usually personal. They seldom represented classes, tempers, tendencies of the hour, habits of society, and the more delicate shades of prevailing folly and fashion. Bunbury, perhaps, with higher artistic powers, was the first to adopt a higher aim, and he drew the general society of his time much more in Mr. Leech's spirit. H. B. confined his pencil to political notabilities, and drew on stone many a clever epigram, but he scarcely ever ventured upon constructing a pictorial satire. Hogarth, as we have said, was the first—and, till the rise of Cruikshank, was nearly the last—who shot folly as it flies, but with a more serious purpose and with greater dignity and comprehensiveness of sentiment than our own age can equal.

The excellence of Mr. Leech consists in this—that he is a first-rate draftsman, while in versatility, invention, and fun, he is absolutely unequalled. There is probably no artist of any time who has put so much thought and keen observation, and nice strokes of character, into his work as Mr. Leech. What his works most remind us of is the Spectator. But then Addison did not stand alone. He had Steele, and all sorts of assistants to jot down the Augustan days, and the sayings and doings of the coffee-houses, and drawing-rooms, and town and country life of that day. Mr. Leech has only his own resources from which to draw, and the well seems to be inexhaustible. Nor is this the only aspect in which we may compare or contrast Leech's sketches of life with the Spectator. Those Augustan days were coarse and nasty days; the Spectator is full of all manner of indecencies and improprieties and low morality, and it was inevitable that the Spectator should be all this, because the Spectator's days were indecent and immoral. Now our own days, whatever vices they may contain or engender, are days of propriety and good taste. Mr. Leech sings *virginibus puerisque*; and there is no line which he has ever drawn by which the most scrupulous eye or mind could be pained. It is almost inconceivable, without looking through a file of *Punch*, how any man can have drawn so many charming women, and can have ranged through life in its infinite varieties, without even the faintest suggestion of a voluptuous thought. And in this light we owe Mr. Leech great thanks. An artist who deliberately sets about to corrupt virtue presents perhaps the most disgusting abuse of gifts. But none but a man of a high and pure moral nature could have done as Mr. Leech has done; and who knows but that he has done as much to elevate as to represent the morality of the age? Compare *Punch* with the *Charivari*—the home life, the follies, the absurdities, the soppiness, the pomps and vanities of our English fields and frescoes, which Mr. Leech so pleasantly jests at, with the Opera Ball series, or the *Ces petites Dames* series of our Parisian contemporary, *Punch's* rival and original model. The *Charivari* absolutely reeks with the *Demi-monde*; while the *Kladderadatsch* is redolent only of the *bier-brauerei*; Gavarni has unquestionably powers which Mr. Leech has not; but a sermon from Mephistophiles is no greater solecism than a French popular artist rebuking, while he winks at and palliates or encourages, a French popular sin.

Mr. Leech has done something to solve—or is it to complicate?—the problem, as to the resources of the pen and pencil respectively. If *Punch* itself is to be taken as a test, the satirist on wood beats the satirist on paper. Few people read and nobody cares much about our friend *Punch's* talk; but who is there who can superciliously disregard Mr. Leech's weekly homilies or comic poems? It is, as in the days of youth, the pictures, not the reading, to which we first turn; and when Jerrold and A'Beckett are forgotten, Leech will be a household word. And this not only because Leech is in his way superior to his literary coadjutors in their way, but because the artist's range is so much larger, his wit so much easier, his sympathies so much more loving and genial. And we very much doubt whether, taking all our newspapers and magazines, our plays and novels of society together, so faithful or so vast and true a picture of the social life of England in the last fifteen years could be got together as from Mr. Leech's works. In this aspect they will not be without their value to an historical student; and the Macaulay of the future may learn, perhaps, a trifle more from *Punch* than did the Macaulay of the past from Chamberlain's *State of England*. For example, what an unexpected light on the Rifle movement of 1859-60 is thrown by the "Brook Green Volunteer" of 1846. The evanescent attempt to coerce female fashion of the same period is still preserved in the "Bloomeriana." "The Cochrane in two tableaux," and the "Specials of the 10th April," admirably record a day not without its significance even on European politics. "The bits of iron from the Crimea" teach us as much as, and in infinitely more available compass than, a series of "Our own Correspondent;" and that admirable full-length of John Bull in a fur hat, tight waist, and diminishing trowsers, recalls, with the completeness of ten political pamphlets from Ridgway's, the first flush of the "entente cordiale." But it is in his social and domestic aspect—his *Idylls of society*—that Mr. Leech is most attractive. No doubt he gives us the same sweet English girl over and over again; but she is so charming, so young, so innocent, so lovable, that we can never see her too often. There was a family likeness in Raphael's Madonnas; and once a Titian always a Titian; but Mr. Leech never absolutely reproduces himself. And what he does is what the very highest artists alone have done. He assembles a whole set of characteristics—makes up a composite man—in other words, devises a character—and then delights in setting this large complete ideal conception in all sorts of situations. It is the same character, but under fresh conceptions, and in novel situations. And Mr. Leech has the rare talent of not making the objects of his caricature simply hateful and abominable. He has left to Swift a prerogative in the Yahoo. His fops and coxcombs have something lovable about them, even when most ridiculous. You laugh at, but never despise, his lisp, "dawdling," languid "swells of the period." We all know that there is a good head and living pluck in the curled darling who "only regretted that the Russian war would spoil the Derby, and wondered why we did not have 'em all over to England and thrash 'em in Hyde Park, and then dine at Greenwich, by Gad!" Then as to that inimitable and inexhaustible gallery of the "Rising Generation." It was never our luck to meet one of these precocious and fearful and wonderful pets. But we are perfectly certain that they exist; we shall never be surprised when we fall across the original of "No pastry, thank ye, Aunt; it spoils a man's wine so; I don't mind a

devilish biscuit, though, by and by with my claret." This great and glorious *blasé* boy-man must be taken from some life. Mr. Leech has had personal communion with this magnificent insolence. No fictionist could have invented that superb monkey pounding his Shetland over a heavy clay, and "shutting up" the ancient squire with, "All right, old cock; don't you teach your grandmother to suck eggs. There's my man by the hay-rick with my second horse."

Nor can we part with Mr. Leech without a single word on his range of observation. In hunting, fishing, and the sea-side, he perhaps most excels, because they are evidently his own favourite pursuits. But how is it that he can be so accurate, so minute, and yet so large in his special knowledge without being always at it? The late Mr. Alken used to produce good sketches of the hunting-field, but he never did anything else. Mr. Leech's hunting sketches are as good as Alken's, and are ten times as numerous; and yet he is equally good and equally prolific on the sands and on the river. Then there is that dear old Briggs. Why, the man is as much a real man, as much a novelist's character, as Uncle Toby or Mr. Pecksniff—just as complete and just as individualized and finely drawn—just as much a personal acquaintance. And in low life, again, his omnibus drivers and cabmen are typical; they represent a class—a little glorified, perhaps, and treated tenderly; for Mr. Leech is no butcher, and not, as his name would suggest, addicted to the life-blood of humanity. Who can forget the happy sketch?—"Pray, Cabman, are you engaged?" "Lawd bless yer, Miss, I've been married this seven year." Happy Leech to have met with so congenial a cabby! Happy, thrice happy, to have thought out one cabby at least who would redeem an accursed race! Once, and only once, does the limner of mankind put on a fierce and threatening aspect; but he has occasionally shown that he could lash vice out of the temple of mankind as thoroughly as he can pleasantly blow whipped cream into the face of folly. There is one awful drawing of his—not without a reminiscence of Hogarth's *Idle Apprentice*—in the "Settling Day of the Betting Office Frequenter," with its suggestive *bottine* and parasol under the dirty rascal's truckle-bed; and by his "Useful Sunday Literature—Murder made Easy," we can guess what sterner stuff there is in him who drew "Married for Money," and the "Distinguished Foreigner" standing up in his stirrups, and riding over the hounds.—"Do you think you could catch a fox?" "I do not know, mon ami, but I vil tray, I vil tray." There is tragic power even in the pencil that sketched the party of strangers at the Exhibition of 1851, mystified by a washing-stand:—"Mon Dieu, Alphonse—regardez donc. Comment appella-t-on cette machine là?" "Tiens! c'est drôle; mais je ne sais pas." But the serious is a rare vein with this great comedian. Even in his "Mining Districts," and "Eave arf a brick at 'im, Bill," we almost recognise a defunct copy of the image in which every man was created; and in the "Flunkiana" and "Chronicles of Servant-Galism" there is perhaps scarcely enough of asperity, but certainly many a kindly little redeeming touch of sympathy with his impudent victims.

We have spoken of Mr. Leech as a playful satirist, and a faithful chronicler. But he is an artist of real mark. In his "Husbands' Boat at Ramsgate" he is, as far as invention goes, equal to Frith; and in a seaside scene—"Beautiful being, Angelina, and Edwin, with as much soul as a codfish"—there is a sweep of black rolling cloud and a wading moon which many a R. A. might envy. And when he comes to paint landscape and riverscape as it is, he is fidelity itself. Many, perhaps all, of his outdoor scenes are taken from nature; and in Mr. Briggs's fishing excursions we can answer for the truth of several of those which are taken from the neighbourhood of Maidenhead. Mr. Briggs "manages the punt by himself" at the first cellops above Maidenhead Bridge. He is invited to "cross that bit of wood where they are biting like mad" at Boulter's Lasher. "A capital place for a perch" in a storm of wind and rain is at the little lasher behind Cookham Lock. Mr. Briggs catches his first "jack, which flies at him and barks like a dog," in the Water Oakley meadows; and John Chubb "is taking one of his long, slow, steady strokes," and catches an awful crab, under the Clifden woods. We are thankful to Mr. Leech for this glimpse into his gallery, and the opportunity it gives of renewing old acquaintances; and long may he live to amuse and instruct us all.

Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart.

THEATRICAL LUCK.

THERE is one branch of knowledge which seems equally unattainable by the *à priori* and the *à posteriori* process, which no subtle deduction from an abstract principle can reach, and to which the teachings of experience afford no clue. We mean a power of estimating the chances of meeting with popular favour that belong to any class of dramatic entertainment. The Bacon is yet unborn who will write a *Novissimum Organon* on the best method of making even a decent guess at the future fortune of a play yet unacted or an actor yet unseen; nor have we reason to believe that he will behold the light till the discovery of the perpetual motion is ranked among old inventions. That merely literary men should make blunders in connection with the subject of dramatic popularity is natural enough. They only present instances of the frequent inefficiency of plausible theory when reduced to practice. Thus, for example, the fact that *Philip van Artevelde* would not

afford to the mixed public of a theatre anything like the pleasure it gives to a certain refined class of readers, might have been foreseen by every one who did not judge things theatrical from a merely literary point of view; and the failure of the drama, when produced years ago at the Princess's Theatre, was perfectly accountable. What is really strange is the utter ignorance of persons, practically connected with the stage, on a matter which would seem all essential to their business. Neither the manager who brings out a piece, nor the actor who plays in it, nor the critic who analyses it in the newspapers, nor the stage-director who suggests modifications—not one of these is capable of predicting its coming fate, with authority more reliable than might be ascribed to the decision of a tossed-up half-penny. Every general proposition that the acutest reasoner or the most experienced practitioner lays down, is certain to be proved so far fallacious that its opposite may be supported with equal weight of argument. "My farce," quoth Thesis, "must be successful, for every actor roared during the reading in the green-room." "Nay," answers Antithesis, "you have rather stated a reason for auguring failure; inasmuch as it is a notorious fact, that the judgment of the actor is generally opposite to the sense of the public." "Such and such a style of melodrama is regarded with universal favour; my three act piece is in that style, ergo," says Thesis, "by the most irrefragable logic, I shall have a run for at least a score of weeks." "Not at all," replies Antithesis, "the public has had enough of that style, a reaction is just set in, and something belonging to an entire novel *genus* is required." "Nothing like a good strong scenic effect," shouts Thesis. "Not worth a farthing, unless it is connected with a strong human interest," is the rejoinder. "I'll appeal to the domestic feeling," says Thesis. "Nay," retorts Antithesis, "maudlin sentimentality is a bore." Every one of the propositions could be supported by a long series of arguments and a good batch of facts, and we are driven to the conclusion, that, however we may have increased in scientific acquirements in other departments of knowledge, the only safe course, with respect to dramatic probabilities, is to make up one's mind to a system, or rather non-system, of absolute Pyrrhonism. Above every thing, we counsel young critics on theatrical matters to avoid all approach to a general theory, if they would not see the edifice they have raised topple down six months after its elevation. Let them, if they please, make a little show of deductive or inductive ability in accounting for a fact that has indubitably occurred, but let the reasoning be so dexterously managed that it cannot be extended beyond the particular case to which it is applied. Thus alone will it be saved from refutation in the future. We are aware, to be sure, that, as the Pyrrhonist is attacked on his own ground by the assertion that he is dogmatic in proclaiming the universal validity of doubt—whereas doubt itself ought to be considered doubtful—so our young critic will object that, while recommending him to extreme caution, we have ourselves tacitly adopted as our axiom the monstrous hypothesis that there is some creature in the world who will give himself the trouble of comparing a couple of theatrical critiques, one published six months after the other. No; go thy way, young theoretical critic, and write as thou wilt. Thou wilt flatly contradict in 1862 what thou hast mathematically proved in 1861, but oblivion will save thee from the charge of inconsistency, and, even of the very few who remember thy exploded theories, fewer still will care anything about them.

To return to the uncertainty of theatrical fore-knowledge. Let us suppose that on this day twelvemonth some one had declared that the best plan to attract the public in crowds, and cause a sensation all over London, would be to engage an actor to play one of those fops, who, thanks to the inimitable pencil of Mr. John Leech, are immortalized in the pages of *Punch*. There is not the slightest doubt that the declaration would have been universally denounced as the most monstrous of absurdities, and that Mr. Buckstone himself, appealing to his broad experience as an actor, an author, and a manager, would have declared that the sort of thing had been done to death, and could not possibly awaken an emotion. Let us suppose the proposition narrowed into an assertion that the fop should be put into a Yankee farce, differing from others of its kind only by its extreme length, and unsupported by a native representation of Yankee humour. The absurdity would have been still more palpable. Such pieces, it would have been remarked, had only been rendered tolerable by Mrs. Barney Williams, Mrs. Florence, or Miss Julia Daly, by whose side the fop had been placed as a mere butt, and that to rely on the fop himself as a source of attraction would be as unreasonable as to suppose that a pantomime could set London in a flame solely through the merits of the pantaloons.

All this would have been urged, with every appearance of soundness, and we do not see on what possible ground we could have dissented from the proposition that an English fop in an American farce could at best be regarded as an insignificant phenomenon. Yet apparently sound reasoning turns out to be wrong, and the assertion which we have supposed to be made in June 1861, turns out to be correct, though at that date it could not have had a single logical leg to stand upon. Mr. Sothern's Lord Dundreary is not only the great theatrical "fact" of the day, but its reactive power has increased to an extent that could not have been expected, even after it had been for several weeks before the patrons of the Haymarket. A writer to the *Times*, affecting the character of a modern exquisite, assumes "Dundreary" as his pseudonym, and if a ridiculous fop, on his entrance into the smoking-room of a club, were stigmatized as a Lord Dundreary, every body would perfectly understand the force of the expression. It may be remarked,

of course, that in June 1861, the peculiar talent of Mr. Sothorn, which has infused such exuberant vitality into an apparently effete type was unknown; but, on the other hand, we assert without hesitation, that even the favoured few who had seen Mr. Sothorn in America would have been as utterly unable to predict his extraordinary hold on the sympathies of London, as those who had never heard his name. Now, in the good year 1862, we thoroughly appreciate the humour, and hear the laughter of successive crowds, and we readily admit that the former fully merits the latter. But last July, this particular nexus of cause and effect was beyond the reach of prophecy.

Shortly before his departure from the Princess's Theatre, Mr. Fechter produced a drama, called the *Golden Daggers*, which proved an unmistakable failure. Those sage seers, who are liberal in their displays of vaticination, after an event has happened, shake their heads gravely, and wonder that a gentleman of Mr. Fechter's experience showed so little judgment. Yet Mr. Fechter reasoned quite logically on an apparently sound basis. He put together a series of romantic incidents, he introduced more than one "sensational scene," he not only acted himself, but he was most efficiently supported by the rest of the company; his painters and costumiers did their work to admiration, and there was nothing to shock the most rigid feeling of propriety. By similar expedients great successes had been achieved, and arguing that like causes produce like effects, Leibnitz himself might have predicted length of days and all prosperous, as the lot of the *Golden Daggers*. Now the piece has failed, we find out that in moral principle the good man of the piece is not greatly superior to the villain, and therefore appeals but weakly to the sympathies of the audience. If the *Corsican Brothers* had failed, we should clearly have perceived that the recognition of vengeance, as a motive for action, not only justifiable, but laudable, was repugnant to our feelings as a nation of Christians, with whom forgiveness of injuries stands among the highest duties. But the moral code that will not allow us to sympathize with the Mexican freebooter, who in the course of a trip to London stabs his enemy in a punt on the Thames, allows us to feel intense gratification when Fabian dei Franchi punks the slayer of his brother. Who shall say that morality or Christianity has anything to do with the matter?

Mr. Boucicault, whose *Colleen Bawn* attained such a fabulous success, is now rather an ill-used gentleman. The wonderful versatility he displays as an actor has not met with a tithe of the praise it deserves. Having represented an Irish peasant in the *Colleen Bawn*, he plays a Yankee in the *Octoroon*, an old Frenchified Italian in the *Life of an Actress*, a Byron-looking personage, with mesmeric capabilities, in the *Phantom*—characters all made up to perfection, and marked out from each other with surprising distinctness. A vast amount of genius is required to perform this series of histrionic feats, which is, at any rate, as remarkable as an ability to play one part only, yet are Mr. Boucicault's histrionic merits feebly proclaimed. Were we not convinced that the gentlemen of the press are above the suspicion of human weakness, we might suspect something like a feeling of envy at the sight of almost unprecedented good fortune. Our great poet has immortalized the Timon whose friends ran away from him in the days of adversity. The tragedy of a Timon, whose friends give him the cold shoulder because he is too lucky, is yet to be written.

A belief in the power of wear-and-tear would naturally lead to the conclusion, that people would by this time be tired of Irish melodrama, with its brogue, its peasants and its priests. But Mr. Falconer, of the Lyceum, sees no reason to withdraw *Peep o' Day* from his bills; and, followed by the panorama of the Lakes of Killarney, it remains one of the most popular pieces in town. The laws of friction are here clearly inapplicable. That the taste for burlesques is happily declining is an opinion entertained by many well-wishers to the higher class of drama, who rely on the proverbial fickleness of the multitude. But, as Baron Mauculay has shown us in the case of the Duke of Monmouth, fickleness is sometimes less an attribute of the masses than unaccountable constancy. At the Olympic and the Strand burlesque is still the staple commodity, and a new extravaganza at the St. James's has been one of the best "hits" of the season.

The most recent theatrical event of importance is Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean's reappearance at the Princess's. With the exception of the *Corsican Brothers* no pieces have hitherto been revived during their engagement that were not played this year at Drury Lane. But the return of these eminent artists to the house which was so long their professional home, and which was the scene of their brilliant "revivals," awakens a sentiment that gives a freshness to their representations, and the house has been thronged every night. Here good fortune is accompanied by substantial desert.

THE TWO OPERA HOUSES.

NO small thanks, we think, are due to the management of Her Majesty's Theatre for having come to the rescue of the national character for hospitality, by making Signor Verdi all the amends in its power for the scant courtesy which he received from Her Majesty's Commissioners. The Cantata composed by him for the opening of the Exhibition has been given with all the resources at Mr. Mapleson's command, and with a success due perhaps rather to the circumstances under which the Cantata has been produced than to its own intrinsic merits. Although we are exceedingly glad to have had the opportunity of hearing this Cantata, we confess to feeling but little regret, in a musical point of view, that it was not

performed on the first of May. It exhibits all Signor Verdi's poverty of idea in his treatment of the orchestra, and is not redeemed by any of those stirring melodies and taking choral effects by which he has ensured success for operas in other respects poorly written. We have often expressed our opinion of Signor Verdi as a composer, but it cannot be denied that he has the trick of producing very exciting theatrical effects by the coarse vigour and feverish energy of his choral and concerted pieces, and of obtaining the appearance of great brilliancy by writing for his singers at the very top of their registers. What a fatal influence his system has had upon a good method of singing, both in the production of the voice, and in the execution of all music except his own, may easily be seen by a comparison of the singers of the present day with those with whom the public was familiar twenty years ago. But even his usual genius seems to have deserted him in this ode; and it is scarcely once relieved by a pleasing melody or a brilliant chorus. The Cantata opens with a short orchestral prelude fully scored, in which the trombones are very prominent. It is meant to be impressive, but we thought the idea commonplace, and too similar in character to the opening of several of his operas. A chorus succeeds which is certainly pleasing, and is perhaps the most appropriate movement in the Cantata. A long recitative is then given, to which the chorus replies. Mdlle. Titiens did her very best to render this emphatic, and sang the music as well as it could be sung, but no efforts could invest the piece with any charm. This recitative terminates in a hymn accompanied by two harps and supported by the chorus. The phrase is melodious, but not very new. The concluding chorus consists of "God save the Queen," "The Marseillaise," and the "Hymn to Garibaldi," as representing the national music of England, France and Italy. These melodies, however, are only produced singly, one after another, and never in combination, so that the effect is a *pot-pourri* of national airs. Very different is the way in which Meyerbeer has employed "Rule Britannia" in his Exhibition March. We regret that the representative musician of Italy has not availed himself in a more masterly style of the opportunity here afforded him for a skilful employment of these materials. The execution was very creditable to all concerned. Mdlle. Titiens did all she could to ensure the success of the Cantata, although there is nothing in the music she has to sing which at all displays her great abilities. All the principal singers assisted, leading the chorus, which with the band was extremely perfect; but we are certain that after the circumstances which have given this Cantata a peculiar interest are forgotten, it will itself sink into the same oblivion.

Several new singers have appeared during the past week at Her Majesty's Theatre, but of none can it be said that they are likely to secure attention. Signor Armandi, who has played Edgar in *Lucia*, has no pretensions either of voice or style for so leading a position, and Madame Guerrabella is so unfortunate in her intonation that we are not surprised she has only appeared once. Mr. Mapleson has, however, been decidedly fortunate in his engagement of Mdlle. Trebelli. She has appeared as Azucena in the threadbare *Trovatore*, and as Rosina in the *Barbiere*, with very great success. Her acting is sometimes, perhaps, a little exaggerated as the gypsy mother, but she sings the music extremely well, and makes the cast of that opera very perfect. The performance of the *Huguenots* has been of a rather varied character. No finer representative of the part of Valentine than Mdlle. Titiens can be wished for, and she has been playing this season as admirably as ever, but owing to Signor Giuglini's illness she has been very badly supported by Signor Armandi. This gentleman's deficiencies were painfully conspicuous as Raul, one of the most trying parts in the whole tenor repertoire, and we sincerely trust that Signor Giuglini will soon be able to resume the character. A second Swedish Nightingale will not, we fear, be found in Madame Michal, who played the Queen. This lady sang the part two or three times when the theatre was open in 1860, but the tone of her voice was hard, and her style of singing was devoid of charm. These defects, unfortunately, still remain; but she must be credited with very great powers of execution, although, in common with so many voices of the same quality, she occasionally forces her notes till the intonation becomes false. Marguerite de Valois is a thorough Frenchwoman, and requires an actress who can play with delicacy and *finesse*—attributes to which, as an actress, Madame Michal can lay no claim; but we think in parts of greater earnestness she would be more successful. Signor Violetti makes a good Marcel, and sings the music with the rugged energy fitting the old Huguenot retainer; but we cannot admire his shake on the lower notes of his voice, and were it more perfect than it is, he introduces it somewhat too often. Mdlle. Trebelli is one of the very best pages we have seen since Alboni first raised this part into notoriety. She acted with a saucy piquant air which was perfectly charming, and executed her two graceful songs with remarkable ease and fluency. This young lady seems to have laid a strong hold upon the public, which each succeeding part serves only to intensify. M. Gassier, as usual, made quite a character of St. Bris; but we cannot approve of Signor Giraltoni as a substitute for Signor Everardi, who was so picturesque a representative of the part of Nevers in 1860. The band was extremely good, and reflects great credit on Signor Arditi for the care he must have bestowed to secure so excellent a rendering of the difficult accompaniments with which the opera abounds, and if he can contrive to be equally successful with the chorus, which was not quite up to the mark in some places, little will be left to be desired as far as a good *ensemble* is concerned. *Robert le Diable* is announced as being nearly ready for production, and we trust that

the management will not forget its promise of *Oberon* and *Der Freischütz*, as the season is becoming somewhat advanced for the performance of even a small part of the promise of the programme.

The last remark applies with much greater force to Covent Garden than to Her Majesty's Theatre. Everything had to be hastily collected in order to open the latter house at all. Band, chorus, principal singers, all had to be sought at the last moment; whereas Mr. Gye's plans were carefully prepared, and everything at hand to carry them out. Yet, as far as new operas, or even operas new to Covent Garden, are concerned, not one promise has been fulfilled. *Don Sebastien* gives no sign, and the nuns destined to fascinate Roberto seem likely to sleep quietly in their graves till next season. Of course, if from the crowds now in London Mr. Gye can fill his house by means of old works, he will not perhaps be very anxious to risk mounting new ones; but the subscribers can hardly be satisfied with this state of things, and we trust Mr. Gye means to make some effort to fulfil the pledges he gave at the opening of the theatre. Since we last noticed the performances at Covent Garden, the only operas played besides those we then mentioned have been the *Barbiere*, *Don Giovanni*, *Marta*, and the *Huguenots*. Mlle. Patti is obliged to rearrange much of the music of *Rosina*, which was composed for a contralto, and she certainly over-ornaments Rossini's melodies, already sufficiently ornate in themselves; but her acting is well worth a visit to see. The *Figaro* of Signor Delle Sedie shows too clearly what ravages time has made in his voice, and he is not sufficiently the mercurial barber. The unfortunate illness of Signor Ronconi, which will probably prevent his singing in London at all this season, and the absence of Signor Graziani, renders what promised to be the strong point of Mr. Gye's company really the weak one, and he has hardly improved matters by allowing Mr. Santley, certainly one of the best barytones of the day, to transfer his services to the other house. Signor Delle Sedie, admirable artist as he is, cannot fill the void left by the gentlemen we have just mentioned. The performance of *Don Giovanni* has been very good, the cast being identical with that of last year, save that Signor Ciampi has replaced Signor Ronconi as Masetti. We think Signor Ciampi has decidedly improved, but in his anxiety to make the most of the part, he occasionally produces his notes in a style which Mozart's music will not bear. Every note of Mozart must be sung, and the familiar *parlante* style, so necessary and so effective in the purely Italian buffo music, is quite out of place. Madame Penco scarcely makes us forget Grisi; but her Donna Anna is a very satisfactory performance. We wish, however, that *Don Giovanni* could be played without the conventional encores. On the night we heard it no less than six pieces were repeated.

On Saturday night a new singer appeared as Valentine in the *Huguenots*. This opera for fourteen years has never failed to draw the public to Covent Garden. It was the first of that series of Grand French Operas by which the theatre obtained its reputation, and it is the one most identified with the names of Grisi and Mario. It is, therefore, no trifling ordeal to undertake the part of Valentine at the Royal Italian Opera, and any singer who can succeed in carrying her audience with her in the part must have powers above the ordinary run. Mlle. Fricci has a very expressive face, and in figure reminds us of her predecessor. Her voice is a mezzo, rather than a pure, soprano; but it is of considerable compass, extending over more than two octaves and of even quality throughout, the lower notes being, however, more powerful than the upper. The tone is very agreeable, and capable of that change of colour so essential to a dramatic singer. She has a great power of singing mezzo-voice, and yet making herself distinctly heard. Valentine has nothing to do in the first act except lead the finale, in which Raul refuses her hand. Probably the nervousness of a first appearance prevented her giving sufficient force to this phrase, for she afterwards proved that she possesses ample power when she wishes to exert it. The duett with Marcel was very well sung, and was received with great applause, the passage "*Ah l'ingrato*" being given mezzo-voice with excellent taste and effect. Mlle. Fricci omitted the romance "*In preda duoi*" in the third act, but her share in the concerted piece before the benediction of the daggers was admirably rendered. The passionate exclamation "*O cielo, o ciel!*" in which she asks how she may save Raul, was very fine, particularly the whisper into which she sank when she sees she is observed by her father. The great duett depends, as far as the singing is concerned, far more on the tenor than on Valentine, and Mlle. Fricci was therefore less successful; but in the trio finale in the last act her upper notes filled the house, and exhibited the power she possesses in a very marked manner. As an actress, Mlle. Fricci wants impulse. There is nothing which displeases, but also nothing which carries you out of yourself. She has evidently been carefully taught, but all her movements seemed conventional and prepared. Much of this may be due to a want of confidence on a first appearance, which may have prevented her giving rein to her feelings, but had we seen rather less study we should have had more hope for her future career as an actress. Mlle. Fricci is, however, young, and she may therefore develop higher dramatic powers as she advances in her profession than what we can at present give her credit for; and at any rate, we think she is a singer of very great promise, and a valuable addition to the present Covent Garden company. We fear the days of Signor Mario's Raul are past. Look and act the *Huguenot* gentleman he does to perfection, but his singing is in points painful to listen to. Very melancholy it is to recall what he was in the Septuor, and in the grand duett of the third act, ten or twelve years ago, and to hear the efforts which it now costs him to execute the music—efforts, too, which do not enable him to accomplish what

he seeks to effect. While he sings in light Italian operas, it is still a pleasure to hear his admirable phrasing and graceful manner, but he is now quite unequal to the strain of such characters as Raul, and the other principal parts in the French Operas. The rest of the cast was the same as last year, and therefore we need not enter into any details, but we cannot pass over the very graceful singing of Madame Carvalho as Marguerite in the duett with Raul. M. Zelger was singing somewhat flat, and we do not understand why, when Herr Formes is in the theatre, he does not resume a part in which he used to be so famous. The band, chorus, and *mise-en-scène* were all we expect at Covent Garden. A new tenor from Vienna is announced to sing in *Lucia* with Mlle. Patti, but, with this exception, the regular opera-goers seem to have small chance of novelty at Covent Garden, and if any one of the promised works are to be produced, it is certainly time, in the second week in June, that we heard something of their appearance.

REVIEWS.

SHAFFNER'S SECESSION WAR IN AMERICA.*

BOOKS and pamphlets on the war in America still increase, of various sizes, various opinions, and various degrees of goodness and badness. Colonel Shaffner's book occupies a place among them peculiar to itself. A citizen of a border State—a native of Virginia domiciled in Kentucky—he takes a borderer's view of things. We suppose that he would pretty fairly represent the feelings of the "Union men" in the Slave States. Colonel Shaffner is neither for North nor South, but for the Union. He has no love either for Northern "fanatics" or for Southern "fire-eaters." He is strong against Secession, and he is equally strong against Abolition. He objects to breaches of the Constitution on either side—alike to Nullifications from the South and to Personal Liberty Acts from the North. He tries to show that Slavery is practically not so bad as it is painted, and that the guilt of it is by no means confined to the present Slave States. But he is not a zealot for the domestic institution. He does not, with some pious slaveholding divines, take up the line of "Cursed be Canaan," nor does he, with some enthusiastic slaveholding politicians, preach the advantage of making slaves of the labouring classes everywhere. In short, Colonel Shaffner is what his enemies would call a trimmer, and his friends would call a moderate man. We are quite ready to give him the more honourable name. It is really a comfort to meet with a man who seems honestly disposed to do justice to both sides, and whose position is such as to give him a fair chance of doing so. Let us, by all means, hear the extreme people on both sides. What they say and think, whether we believe it or not, is, in a certain way, part of the facts of the case. We cannot fully understand a controversy till we know how it looks to those who carry each side to its extreme point. But still less can we understand it till we know how it looks to those who stand between the two, and who see both sides of the shield instead of only one. We really think that we have found such a fair-minded arbiter between extremes in the person of Colonel Shaffner. There is certainly a great deal to be learned from his book, though we may doubt whether his general conclusion is either possible or desirable. He holds that the South can never be reconquered—or, at any rate, never reincorporated—by force, but he still cherishes dreams of a peaceful reunion, to be accompanied with certain changes in the Federal Constitution. To us it seems that, by this time, the legality of Secession has become a question of history. As a matter of fact, two hostile nations exist; can either force or gentleness ever bring them together? May it not be better, both for themselves and for the rest of the world, that they should remain separate?

Colonel Shaffner, without attempting a formal history of the United States, sets forth clearly enough, though sometimes in a rather grotesque style, most of the constitutional and historical points which must be known in order to understand the present struggle. He gives an account of the old Confederation and of the present Federal Constitution. He gives a little sketch of the history and constitution of each State—an explanation of the difference; to many people mysterious, between a State and a Territory—a sketch of various movements in the direction of Secession before the present one, such as the Hartford Convention in New England in Madison's Presidency, and the famous South Carolina Nullification in the time of Jackson. He then goes on with the causes of the present Secession, which leads him into a description of the political parties in the Union at various times, and also naturally brings him right into the depth of the slavery question. He winds up with the general conclusions which we have already mentioned. He condemns Secession, but his chief sympathies clearly lie with the South, and he lays more blame upon President Lincoln than upon any one else. In one or two places in the course of his argument, Colonel Shaffner seems to be working hard to maintain an unsound conclusion. But, throughout, his matter is always instructive, and his odd way of putting things often makes it amusing into the bargain.

About slavery, the case between the two disputant parties is rather like the case between England and America after the

* *The War in America: being an Historical and Political Account of the Southern and Northern States: showing the Origin and Cause of the present Secession War.* By Colonel Tal. P. Shaffner, LL.D., &c. &c. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

acknowledgment of the Union, when, as Judge Marshall pitifully, and we fancy truly, puts it, each nation found it much easier to prove the other in the wrong than to prove itself in the right. The fact that slavery is now defended as a good thing in itself is mainly due to the outcries of the Abolitionists. It used to be called at best a necessary evil, and not uncommonly a curse which the British connection had left behind it. The South can easily retort on the North that it is mere hypocrisy to preach against slavery, and then to put the free negro in a position in many respects worse than the slave. The South can easily show that, whether slavery be good or bad, the Personal Liberty Acts of the Northern States are direct breaches of a Constitution which contains a clause for what is now—not in the Constitution—oddly called “the rendition of fugitive slaves.” Colonel Shaffner, as a Kentucky man, brings out all this forcibly enough. But when he goes on, not exactly to defend slavery, but to palliate its practical aspect, he is less successful. He tells us that the atrocious laws in some of the States are not executed, and are not meant to be executed in ordinary times. They are merely a power kept ready to be used in times of danger where they may be wanted. Nobody executes the laws which forbid the teaching of negroes—he has himself taught negroes over and over again. The advertisements for a runaway slave, “dead or alive,” are mere *rodomontade*, which nobody thinks of taking seriously. We can very well believe all this, but it does not justify Southern legislation. It does not justify a bad law to say that it is not executed. A law which is too bad to be executed ought to be repealed. As long as it is in force, some cunning and ill-disposed person may suddenly draw it forth to the great danger of honest men. In the once famous story of *Uncle Tom*, the fallacy which affected the thoughtless reader was obvious. The temptation was, to think that every slaveowner was a Legree. Mrs. Stowe would answer that she had guarded against such error by the opposite character of St. Clair. Now, as it is evident that Legree and St. Clair are extreme characters in opposite ways—as the average slaveholder must needs be something between the two—it follows that neither character gives a really fair picture of slave-life. But a calmer reader might draw another inference. Not one slaveowner in ten thousand might be like Legree, but a system under which one Legree existed, or indeed could even hypothetically exist, is at once condemned as a bad system.

The particular point in which negro slavery is worse than any other system of slavery which ever existed is the possibility—according to some reports, the frequency—of the master of slaves being also their father. This is always most strongly brought out by the opponents of slavery. For people to sell their own children is something exceptional in the annals of bondage. It is not absolutely without precedent. The Circassians sell their children to the Turks; other barbarous nations do the same; and the people of Bristol are charged with doing something very like it in the eleventh century. But there is nothing like it in Greek, Roman, or Mahometan slavery. In Mahometan slavery, of course, it is utterly impossible, as the child of the slave is as legitimate as the child of the wife. Under the system of mediæval villenage, again, it was impossible; for the child of an uncertain father was held to be free. Villenage was a special disability. The bastard could inherit nothing; and as he could not inherit his parents' advantages, neither could he inherit their disadvantages. But, if we believe the unfavourable accounts, a Southern planter may raise up what children he pleases by slave-women, and may then, if he pleases, sell them himself, or at all events leave them to take their chance of being sold after his death. Now it certainly seems to us that Colonel Shaffner's excuse is a rather lame one:—

Slave women often give birth to a mulatto child, the father of which may be on the same plantation, and sometimes a member of the owner's family. In this manner it occasionally happens that the slave is the grandchild of its owner; and there are rare cases where the owner is the father of the child. In these immoralities, particularly the latter, public opinion is severe upon the father, and he becomes loathed by society.

According to the North Carolina revised statutes of 1821, it seems there was a law passed in 1741, and still in force, enacting—“That if any woman-servant shall hereafter be delivered of a child begotten by her master, she must be sold for one year. If a white servant has a child by a negro, she may be sold for two years, and the child bound out till thirty-one years of age.”

The above law refers to free servants. The State cannot legislate concerning the paternity of slave children; nor has it been necessary, as public sentiment is more severe upon the subject than can be attained by legislation. We do not suppose it would be possible for an owner of a slave that had a child by his own servant, to be permitted to live in any community in the Southern States. It would be one of those cases where Judge Lynch would administer a law commensurate in severity to the turpitude of the crime.

How, then, does Colonel Shaffner account for the large mulatto and quadroon population which surely exists? How came Mr. Dion Boucault to find a subject for his drama? No doubt the feeling of honourable and virtuous men would be what Colonel Shaffner describes. But surely, to account for undoubted physical facts, there must be a good many cases which escape Judge Lynch, even if we admit his jurisdiction. So, directly after:—

We doubt if there exist in America a slave-owner that encourages the breeding of slaves for the purpose of selling them. Nor do we believe that any man would be permitted to live in any of the Southern States that did intentionally breed slaves with the object of selling them. However severe the laws may be against the slave, yet there is a public opinion that shields him from excessive hardships, although he is considered a chattel. Southern society is too high-toned to sanction the breeding of slaves for speculation. To prevent such nefarious pursuits, public opinion would sustain any decision that might be rendered by Judge Lynch.

Here, again, we are struck by the quiet reference to Judge Lynch as the proper avenger of a certain class of offences. But, anyhow, this paragraph is hardly an answer to the manifest fact that whole States familiarly bear the name of “Slave-breeding States.”

Colonel Shaffner has some good remarks on some of the weak points in the American political system, which, like a really honest patriot, he laments instead of defending or concealing. But we must carefully distinguish between points in which the Federal Constitution itself has broken down, and points where the evils complained of arise merely from the enactments of particular States. Thus, nothing in America has been more frequently or more justly complained of than the popular election of Judges for short terms. Colonel Shaffner says, in his odd way, but with great truth:—

A careful observation of the working of the present elective system in the different States, has taught us to regret that it has been so generally extended. Whenever we have seen candidates for judicial offices travelling a circuit, making public speeches in their own behalf, establishing free drinking-places, and adopting all the other proceedings of candidates for political offices, we have felt a deep solicitude for the permanency of our institutions. We have been unable to perceive that any advantage has been derived from the policy; but, on the contrary, we have seen issuing from the bench the most derelict ruling to conform to popular resolve. If the people of the United States could have adhered to the mode and manner of conducting the affairs of the General and State Governments, as inaugurated by Washington and his coadjutors, the nation, at this moment, might have been engaged in peaceful pursuits, and in the realisation of the happiest results.

But the English reader must carefully remember that all this applies only to the Judges in the several States, who are, of course, appointed in whatever way those States may ordain for themselves. The Federal Judges—the Judges of whom we hear most in England—go through no such degrading process. Neither Chief-Justice Jay in the time of Washington, nor Chief-Justice Taney now, got his place by “making public speeches in his own behalf or by establishing free drinking-places.” Those great magistrates hold their office by exactly the same tenure that an English Judge does, and they are appointed in what, allowing for the different forms of a republic and a monarchy, is essentially the same way. The President nominates, and the Senate confirms. The only fear is lest, some day, the Constitution may be altered so as to introduce something like the pernicious practice of the States into the judicial system of the Union.

In the case of the election of the President, the Federal Constitution itself has broken down. The founders of the Constitution evidently expected that the best man in the country would commonly become its chief magistrate. So he did for the first eight years; and even afterwards, for several elections, the choice fell, if not on the best man absolutely, yet on the foremost man of the party dominant at the time. This is, perhaps, as near an approach to getting the right man in the right place as we can fairly look for in our imperfect world. For a long time past we know that the state of things has been exactly opposite. Now, one can hardly think that the system of electing electors could ever have permanently answered. So far, the Federal Constitution itself has failed. But the regulations of the particular States have increased the evil tenfold. We do not remember to have ever before seen this particular point so forcibly enlarged on as it is by Colonel Shaffner. The Constitution leaves it to the Legislature of each State to appoint its Presidential electors as it thinks good. Originally, most of the Legislatures kept the nomination in their own hands. Gradually, all the States, except South Carolina, transferred the choice to the people at large. Hence comes a twofold deception. The Constitution meant the President to be chosen by special electors. In fact, he is chosen by the people, as of course the only question asked of a Presidential elector is for what President he will vote. But, after all, he is not really chosen by the people, but by some self-appointed Convention which dictates to its own party, and commonly excludes the best men of its party. The abominable ticket system would have seemed strange in the days when the whole electoral body unanimously chose Washington, or even in the days when two great parties fairly measured their strength under such leaders as Jefferson and Adams. The long Presidential interregnum is an innovation, but Colonel Shaffner defends it on what seems to us a rather weak ground—that “the new President needs some two or three months to arrange his private affairs before entering upon his new duties.”

In one place, Colonel Shaffner unluckily waxes classical and eloquent:—

These short and brilliant periods exhibit the great triumph of popular elections—often tumultuous, often stained with blood, but always ending gloriously for the country. In those days the right of suffrage was enjoyed; the sovereignty of the people was no fiction, as it has been in the United States. Then a sublime spectacle was seen, when the Roman citizens advanced to the polls, and proclaimed, “I vote for Cato to be Consul;” the Athenian, “I vote for Aristides to be Archon;” the Theban, “I vote for Pelopidas to be Boastarch;” the Lacedæmonian, “I vote for Leonidas to be first of the Ephori.” But no one of the people, as such, of the United States, has ever been able to say, “I vote for George Washington to be President.” Heretofore the people have voted for a list of electors, selected by partisans who, in most cases, have been ambitious politicians.

We should greatly like to know when and how King Leonidas came to be first of the Ephori. It is odd that people will miss the real parallels and hit upon false ones. Of all the strange people in the world for a democratic nation to reverence, the very strangest is Lucius Quinctius Cincinnatus. Yet Cincinnatus is a great city, and there was a Society of Cincinnatus, of which Washington himself condescended to be president. Colonel Shaffner talks about Leonidas and Pelopidas. He probably, did

not know, while writing about the Presidential interregnum, that exactly the same flaw was found in the Federal Constitution of Achaia—that the Ætolians took advantage of it to invade the country when in the very crisis of a Presidential election—and that the time of the Achaian election was soon afterwards altered to a more convenient season. Polybius, too, gives us a description of an Achaian "caucus," as natural as any caucus in the younger Union. And now that Mr. Lincoln has regained New Orleans, it would be well for him, if he keeps either a Polybius or a Thirlwall, to reflect on all the troubles, and complications, and questions, and interpellations—to say nothing of slayings and banishings—which were the result of the analogous reconquest of Sparta by Philopœmen.

EDWARD IRVING.*

IT does not appear by what accident the biography of Edward Irving has been retarded for nearly thirty years. The generation which that lurid meteor so startled from its propriety on its first appearance in the squalid regions of Hatton Garden, has almost passed away. It is only here and there that we encounter men of grizzled locks who were taken as boys to that dingy Caledonian Chapel, and still remember the impression made upon their imaginations by the form, the countenance, and the gestures of that wondrous orator, by the tones of his voice, which recur distinctly to their recollections, by the fragments which they then comprehended of his solemn arguments, and, more than all, by the visible effect he produced upon the people around them—the amazement, the admiration, the enthusiasm, the fanaticism which he successively excited. Since Irving's day we have had other preachers and teachers, equally earnest and zealous, perhaps equally eloquent, and who have produced as marked effect upon society within their sphere of action. We have witnessed the rise and fall of various schools of thought, and many successive phases of spiritual activity. The reappearance of such a phenomenon in our day would doubtless attract far less attention; but it is as the first and earliest of his class, rather than as the most earnest or eloquent, that Irving challenges a lasting interest; and the memoir which has now at last been written of him will serve to place him in his due position as one of the mainsprings of religious thought in an age of active and fervid religious thinking.

Edward Irving was the son of a tradesman at Annan, and was bred by earnest and ambitious parents to the humble labours of the Scotch ministry. He went through the long but narrow course of training which leads to ordination in the Kirk, with no very marked attempt to escape into a loftier and wider range of thought. Employed for a few years as a private teacher while waiting for the invitation to a pastoral charge, which regularly precedes ordination in that community, his imagination seems to have run on the toils and triumphs of a missionary life, and he combined apparently the love of movement and adventure of Mungo Park, his countryman, with the fervid spiritual aspirations of Henry Martyn. He was on the point, indeed, of setting out on a ramble through heathendom, staff in hand, when he was suddenly called to assist Dr. Chalmers in the cure of a great parish in Glasgow, where he soon learnt that there was as much heathenism within five miles of the Tron Church as in the centre of Dahomey. Chalmers and Irving were both of them great men. They shared in almost equal measure the *perfidum ingenium Scotorum*; both were earnest, both were eloquent, both were indefatigable in labour and self-sacrifice; yet no two men ever perhaps were yoked together in the same work with tastes and methods more dissimilar. Chalmers had conceived a grand design for evangelizing the nation by the rule-of-three. He took a statistical view of the pastoral office. As Proteus counted his flock by fives, so Chalmers ciphered off and tabulated his parishioners, not by fives indeed, but by hundreds, thousands, and tens of thousands—pewed them in churches, penned them in lecture-rooms, labelled them under curates, deacons, and district visitors—added and subtracted, multiplied and divided, till he had brought, or hoped to bring, a certain infinitesimal amount of parson power to bear upon every unit among them. Chalmers was the founder of the theory of Church Extension which has been carried out with so much outward effect in this country as well as in Scotland (and we trust not without inward effect also) during the last forty years. In this sense he may be said to have made the late Bishop of London, and this was, perhaps, his greatest work. Irving, on the other hand, was a solitary worker, as he was a solitary thinker. He stalked abroad, for the most part, alone and independent. He addressed himself to individual men, in the hope and trust that every human soul that was brought under his spiritual influence would itself become in turn a nucleus of spiritual influence. He never counted either his converts or his hearers. His mission was apostolic, not parochial; and the idea of confining it within territorial limits, or concentrating it upon the souls collected within a certain radius, was no doubt from the first abhorrent from his nature. In his cure at Glasgow his zeal and energy seem to have been unbounded, but his ministrations were generally personal, directed to the awakening of individual souls rather than to the enlightenment of numbers. Chalmers, accordingly, never understood or appreciated his younger colleague, and the perplexed and patronizing way in which, in the days of Irving's celebrity, he was heard sometimes to speak of him, is sufficiently amusing. Yet, great as Chalmers undoubtedly was, he was here in the presence of one still greater; and it is

much to be lamented that neither the Scotch nor the English Church could supply at that time a master mind with genius to comprehend Irving, and with moral power to guide and control him.

In the year 1822, being then thirty years of age, Edward Irving came up to London, to take sole charge of the small and scattered congregation of the Caledonian Church in Hatton Garden. He had already excited some interest as an earnest and vigorous preacher, and he brought with him the testimonial of Chalmers, then in the height of his fame and influence among his countrymen on both sides the border. Sir James Mackintosh strayed almost casually into the church. The preacher happened to speak of some children of his flock, who, being suddenly deprived of their human parents, were, as he phrased it, "thrown upon the fatherhood of God." Mackintosh was pleased with the expression, and, in the course of trivial conversation with which politicians at the dinner-table are wont to disguise their thoughts, mentioned it to Canning. The great rhetorician had a heart, albeit wrapped up in many folds of intrigue and common-place, and the unaccustomed sound of truth and earnestness touched and startled it. Next Sunday saw him also at Hatton Garden, sitting for the first time at the feet of what we call in these days "a real man." He was enraptured both with the man he saw and the words he heard. He returned and spread Irving's fame in the politest circles of the metropolis. The raw Scotchman became the fashion, as no preacher in London since, or, we suppose, before him, and his doom was sealed.

To us who have lived under the sway of so many earnest men, and of so much emphatic speaking and writing, the effect produced by Irving's earnestness and emphasis must seem somewhat surprising. It may serve to remind us of the vast change of habits and associations by which we are separated from the generation of forty years ago. We have no reason to question that our fathers were really as much in earnest as ourselves; their loves and hates, hopes and apprehensions were doubtless as lively as our own; but certainly their reticence was remarkable, as compared with our habits of unstinted self-manifestation. Those, be it remembered, were the days of the Byronic sham-intensity, when every man with pretensions to decent self-respect very naturally kept his deepest thoughts and feelings as much as possible to himself. There was nothing in pulpit eloquence then more fervid than the academic oratory of Robert Hall—nothing more soul-crushing in theology than the genteel fanaticism of Simeon. Political society was but lightly stirred by the Virgilian metaphors of Canning, and the jocund cynicism of Sidney Smith. Those were the days when to accept the golden bishopric of India was deemed the most heroic self-sacrifice of a Christian pastor; and deep was the dismay of a missionary society, which unadvisedly solicited Irving to preach their annual sermon, and, instead of the usual rose-coloured statistics and pleasing anecdotes of questionable conversions, received such a lecture on the vocation of apostles and martyrs as made their ears tingle with shame as much as disappointment. The biographer describes the incident smartly:—

Resolute to give them of his best, and judging the "reverend and pious men" whom he was about to address as free to follow out the truth as himself, the conscientious and simple-minded preacher went down to the depths of his subject, and, all-forgotten of committees and rules of "practical usefulness," set before them the impossible missionary—the man not trained in any College, or by any method yet invented—the man the speaker himself could and would have been, but for what he considered the interposition of Providence. The amazed and doubtful silence, the unwilling fascination with which they must have listened through those inevitable hours to that visionary in his visionary description—watching in impatience and helpless indignation while the wild but sublime picture of a man who certainly could not be identified among their own excellent but unsublime messengers rose before the multitudinous audience in which, a little while before, official eyes must have rejoiced over a host of new subscribers—all, alas! melting away under the eloquence of their splendid Malaprop—may easily be imagined.

The incident was, indeed, of cardinal importance in Irving's career. There seems to have been no falling off in his eloquence, no symptom of exhaustion in the matter or manner of his discourses. The days when West-end equipages filled with ladies rolled up to the chapel door, of course, soon passed away; but the full power of his preaching continued to be felt, and the vigour of his writings, however deficient in real logical power, was still acknowledged by men of the highest ability, by divines and statesmen, by poets and philosophers. But from this time, and from this event, which occurred when he had been but two years in London, is dated the first opening of the breach between Irving and that which, as he says with some bitterness himself, "calls itself the religious world;" and when it was found that he was not a man whom it was safe to make use of, a large part of his popularity with a large portion of his earlier admirers and flatterers was lost. The name of Irving became an object of incessant attack in the newspapers, especially in the religious newspapers, and a generation which could not comprehend the real simplicity of his character pertinaciously insisted that he was a knave and a charlatan.

The tide of fashion which suddenly set upon Irving's chapel sealed, as we just said, his doom. We are far, very far, from throwing any doubt upon his earnestness and entire self-devotion. We are far from insinuating even that he was spoilt, as an ordinary weak or vain man would be, by the flatteries poured upon him. We can easily believe that many little traits of apparent self-consciousness and self-satisfaction, which were eagerly caught up and noted against him, were due to a simplicity amounting to oddity of character, and set in a more striking light from the

* *The Life of Edward Irving.* By Mrs. Oliphant. 2 vols. 1862.

undeniable oddity of his person and manner. The overwhelming evidences this biography gives to his perfect truthfulness, even to the last, was not wanted to persuade us, at least, of the genuine goodness and greatness of Irving's character. But Irving's training had been unfortunately a narrow one, and his mind was deficient in logical power. The flatteries he received confirmed him—as whom would they not confirm?—in the undoubted self-reliance which he derived as much from this deficiency of his knowledge as from his naturally bold and haughty temper; and the whole period of his ministry in London was a progress in obstinacy, bigotry, and infatuation. Progress indeed there was. Every year saw him launch out, attended and cheered by a group of fanatical applauders, in some fresh development of what all Christian denominations regarded as heterodoxy. But his conviction of the justness of his views corresponded with his consciousness of his sincerity, and he seems to have been, like a true enthusiast, unable to conceive that where he meant right he could possibly judge or argue wrong. The kind of men by whom in his latter years he was exclusively surrounded, of whom Mr. Drummond was the type, and probably the most favourable specimen, shows how low he had fallen in common sense and logical understanding.

Mrs. Oliphant has considerable qualifications for the task she has undertaken. Her book is far too long; her style is far too wordy; and she follows far too readily, and with a fatal facility, in the wake of the modern sensation-biographers. As cowslip unto oxlip is, so is she to Mr. Hepworth Dixon. Nevertheless, it cannot be merely from the nature of her subject that she has been enabled to produce a truly interesting and most affecting memoir. The book is written with a genuine enthusiasm which redeems its affectations. The great service she has done to the object of her admiration is in producing more than one series of his letters to his wife, which must for ever place his thorough earnestness and simplicity beyond cavil. The last of these is probably unique in literature, and we hope that no one who takes up the volumes with the intention of casting his eyes over them will lay them down without fastening upon the last fifty pages. Worn with fatigue from incredible labours, wearied with disappointments, abandoned by his earliest friends, renounced by the Church of his love and faith, harassed by the small band of still remaining adherents, who were themselves evidently wearying of him, his health began rather suddenly to break up, and he suffered from the inward pains and faintnesses in which we so long refuse to recognise the warnings of incipient consumption. Among other wild fancies, he had conceived the persuasion that all bodily sickness is the sign and consequence of sin, and is to be met and baffled by the arms of the spirit. He had already wrestled with the cholera in faith, and had been triumphant. So now he went forth to wrestle with consumption, making a tour on horseback through Wales—a tour of preaching indoors or outdoors, in all weathers and under every circumstance of fatigue and feebleness, blessing God for every pulsation of reviving vigour, and rebuking himself for every sleepless night or wearied waking. Such a picture of spiritual strength and weakness was never perhaps drawn before; and it is impossible that it can ever be overlooked henceforth by those who seek to delineate the character of this very remarkable man. With the materials now set before us, Irving's life ought to have a niche in every gallery of religious biography; and notwithstanding all his defects and errors, there are few lives of the saints that will be fuller of instruction, interest, and consolation.

EASTWICK'S SPEECHES ON INDIAN AFFAIRS.*

IT is too soon to judge the system of Indian government overthrown in 1858 by comparing its practical working with that of the system established in its room. At first sight, such a comparison would appear to be wholly unfavourable to the discarded plan. The marvellous recovery of the Indian finances would be sure to be set to the credit of the new arrangements, even if the coincidence between the change of government and the surplus at Calcutta had been entirely fortuitous; but in truth it is quite possible that, if the East India Company had continued to rule in India, the Indian exchequer might not have filled and overflowed with the extraordinary rapidity which all the world has been admiring. The reason is one which reflects no great discredit on the dethroned corporation. The measures which have replenished the Treasury have not been carried through without very considerable hardship to individuals, and even to classes, or without considerable disregard of just expectations. A set of remedies so severe and drastic the Company would probably not have brought itself to prescribe without gradually inuring the patient to the treatment. It was one of the best of masters. The very faults with which it was reproached—its closeness and clannishness—rendered it particularly tender to the reasonable claims of individuals who had taken service with it; nor would any consideration probably have induced it to apply the rule that the public always gains at the expense of individuals with that extreme rigour which has characterized the reforms carried out through the agency of Mr. Laing.

When the enemies of the East India Company asserted that the peculiar form of Indian government was the sole cause of the annual deficit in the Indian Budget, they probably expected that a change of system would replenish the exchequer rather by some such financial legerdemain as was projected by Mr. Wilson than

by the stern and simple process of wholesale retrenchment. Still, it must be allowed that, in the matter of finance, they have proved to a certain extent right, and thus it becomes an interesting speculation whether all the predictions which they hazarded are likely to receive the same amount of partial fulfilment. It is too early, as we said, to speak confidently on the subject, but on one point they do seem to have been altogether mistaken. The promise so often made that Indian affairs would receive a far larger share of attention from Parliament and from the country has been hitherto conspicuously falsified. The "hole-and-corner" government charged against the Directors has been succeeded by a far deeper obscurity. Never was it so difficult for a gentleman with a theory about India to obtain a hearing. In the idlest session which the century has seen, Parliament absolutely refuses to give a night to Indian affairs; and Sir Charles Wood is far more oracular, positive, and curt in his utterances than were the Directors who used to be taxed in old times with rising in Parliament merely to repel legitimate criticism and to stifle just complaint. In such a state of things it is curious to read the book before us. It would seem from it that the old Court of Proprietors discussed Indian subjects with far more frankness, fulness, and liberty of judgment than the House of Commons is ever likely to claim for itself. Captain Eastwick's speeches have the temperance and moderation incident to great knowledge of the subject, but several of them are controversial, and enter with much force of feeling into some of the questions which have been most energetically debated by Indian authorities. Now, at present, discussion on India is virtually at an end. The Indian correspondents of the *Times* press their peculiar views on the public with the bitterness congenial to that climate; but no whisper either of approval or disapproval rises from the country, and the leading article writer merely echoes the correspondent's letter, simply to save himself the trouble of thinking about it. But controversy by persons with full information on the points in debate, such as that which gave occasion to the speeches in this volume, is absolutely unknown since the Act of four years since. The author, who is now a member of the Indian Council, may possibly there deliver himself of opinions as weighty as those he has just published, but the not inconsiderable advantages of taking the public into the confidence of Indian disputants have been quite renounced.

About half of this volume consists of arguments delivered in the Court of East India Proprietors on behalf of the Amceers of Scinde. Though the greatest occurrences which took place before the Mutiny are almost too far off for interest, it is worth while reading through these speeches, both as throwing a good deal of light on an intricate story and as illustrating the efficiency of certain checks on the Government of India which the old system included, but which the new one has apparently sacrificed. It may be necessary to mention that the view of the annexation of Scinde urged eighteen years ago on the East India Company by Captain Eastwick has now completely prevailed. The truth was long obscured by the eloquence and audacity of Sir Charles Napier's panegyrists, but the case has at last been seen to be too flagrant for mistake. To make restitution, in the circumstances in which the Indian Government was placed, was impossible; but all which was in our power has been done to render the situation of the dispossessed Princes tolerable. On looking back, by the aid of Captain Eastwick's volume, on the causes which led to the perpetration of so great a wrong, we can see that the chief of them was ignorance of the East by the persons in whose hands the destinies of Scinde rested. The Amceers were treated by Lord Ellenborough and Sir Charles Napier on the strictest principles applied by diplomacy to European sovereigns. They were dealt with exactly as if they had been absolute European monarchs. Yet they were not Princes in the European sense at all, but merely the chiefs of a particular tribe, the Talpours, which had the right of representing the mixed population of Scinde in all negotiations with foreign Powers. Owing to this mistake, no allowance whatever was made for the immense difficulties of their position, for the savage unruliness of the warlike tribes which followed their guidance, and for the limited power which they were able to bring to bear on their supposed subjects. Then, again, in construing the treaties which had been forced upon them, a literal strictness was used which ought to have no place in Indian diplomacy. The hesitations of a "perplexed barbarian" who thought that every demand of the great conquering Power of India was expressly aimed at his independence, were interpreted as evidence of a deliberate purpose to disregard written obligations. Above all, no precautions were taken against the fraudulent misrepresentations of persons who hoped to rise on the ruins of the Amceers. It is now conceded on all hands that all the evidence of treason which was not extracted from the acts of the Amceers themselves was fabricated by one of their own family, who hoped that their confiscated property and forfeited power would devolve on himself. Although the part of Ali Moorad has been played so often in Anglo-Indian history, and has always been so eminently profitable to the performer, it never seems to have occurred for a moment to Lord Ellenborough that it could be repeated in his time. As to Sir Charles Napier, it was the peculiar misfortune of the Amceers to have to do with a man of his stamp—unscrupulous, resolute, burning to seize the opportunity of distinction for which he had too long waited, and, above all, belonging to a family of self-admirers. If we spoke of Sir Charles Napier as one of the most outrageously be-puffed of mankind, and of Sir William Napier as among the most unblushing of puff-writers, we should only do injustice, because disparaging terms are always ill applied to men of genius.

* *Speeches of Captain Eastwick*, Revised and corrected. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1862.

Even though, however, the undoubted genius of the Napiers should be considered as justifying the language of the one and the acts of the other in respect of the dispossession of the Ameers, no sort of excuse can be invented for the calumnies to which one gave utterance, and the other publicity, as to the private life of the unhappy Scindian Princes. It is miserable to think that the English public was partly reconciled to the annexation of Scinde by the assurances of the Napiers that the Ameers were constantly drunk, and flogged their wives with iron whips. These utterly irrelevant charges are now known to have been entirely false. The Ameers were conspicuous among Indian Mahometan houses for their strict observance of the precepts of the Koran, and among the things which ultimately gained them most sympathy in India none had such effect as the unswerving devotion manifested to them by their wives.

One of these speeches is a recital of Sir James Outram's services. As Sir James was the object of the most virulent invective which ever flowed from the tongue and pen of the Napiers, on account of his denunciation of Sir Charles's conduct in Scinde, it is natural that Captain Eastwick's abhorrence of the policy followed in that country should entail a corresponding admiration of Outram. But really the story has only to be known to awaken enthusiasm in anybody. There have undoubtedly been men in the Indian army as brave as Outram. There have been men in both services who, like him, have hazarded all their hopes of advancement rather than acquiesce in injustice. There have been some whose knowledge of native character, and power of penetrating native intrigues, were not less than his. There have been men who have performed the same wonderful exploit of taming and civilizing wild Indian tribes, teaching them to forego their rude and cruel practices, and disciplining them into the active guardians of the peace they had systematically broken. But the singularity of Outram is that his fame is compounded of reputation in all these lines, and that his distinction in any one of them would have been enough to make any one man famous for life. The civilizer of the Bheels is also the officer who staked everything in protesting against the oppression of the Scinde Ameers; and the diplomatist, not less wary and experienced than Sir Richmond Shakspeare, has conducted enterprises as hardy as those of Sir Herbert Edwardes, and commanded armies as skilfully as Pollock or Nott. The test of the new military system just established in India will be its capacity for producing soldiers of Outram's type. If it fails to create and bring them out, one great instrument of government and one great guarantee for the preservation of the empire will have been thrown away. It is too early to judge the new army, just as it is too early to pass a confident opinion on the new plan of government; but it is an obvious *prima facie* objection to the system which is to regulate the relations of the staff-corps with the rest of the British army in India, that it certainly does seem to divorce administrative, linguistic, and diplomatic aptitudes from the ordinary duties of the officer to an extent hitherto unprecedented in India. Nobody doubts but that great men of some kind will yet appear among the British in India; but there are too many signs that the supply of men resembling the subject of Captain Eastwick's eloquent panegyric will in future be stinted, if not cut off.

THE QUADRATURE OF THE CIRCLE.*

MORBID Anatomy is a curious if not a pleasing study, and every one knows with how much zeal the morbid anatomy of the mind has been discussed by a class of physicians who recognise no distinction between folly and intellectual madness, or between what they call moral insanity and what the vulgar denominate crime. We have nothing just now to say on this last worn-out topic, but we beg to present to the curious in these matters one of the most perfect specimens of a not uncommon type of deranged intellect, together with the details of the treatment which unfortunately failed to reduce the disorder. The patient, we may premise, passes for a man of sound mind; and on the title-page of the book which he has been at the pains of publishing to inform the world of his peculiar deficiency, he is careful to record the fact that he is a member of the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board—so that it must be quite understood that his pet mania is something entirely different from those forms of mental malady which disqualify a man from taking part in the business of life. The doctors have not yet invented a designation for his disease—we wish they would; but it may be described as a mania for uttering nonsense on subjects which the patient has not attempted to understand. Common enough it may be thought—too common, perhaps, to deserve much examination. That is true, but it is seldom that so admirable an example is met with; and we believe that this is the first book in which the symptoms, the treatment, and the lamentable result have ever been published by the victim himself for the instruction of psychological students. As our object is to consider the mode of treatment, rather than the disorder itself, a short account of the shape which the malady took will suffice.

In ancient times it was a favourite pastime of geometers (until the impracticability of the pursuit was proved) to puzzle their brains with the attempt to discover a square related in some way to the diameter of a circle, which should have the same area

as the proposed circle. Presented in this shape, before the incommensurability of the circumference to the diameter had been proved, it was no great discredit to old philosophers that they wasted their efforts in the pursuit of a chimera. Still, we do owe some one, whoever he may have been, a serious grudge for having invented a name for the inquiry—the Quadrature of the Circle—which has ever since exercised an inexplicable fascination over the minds of very ignorant, very conceited, and very wrong-headed men. There is a sort of hazy vagueness about the notion of setting to work “to square the circle,” which feeds the hallucination of minds like that of the unfortunate Mr. Smith. In the year 1859, the distinguished Harbour Commissioner presented himself at Aberdeen, bent upon delivering himself of his great discovery at the meeting of the British Association. He had squared the circle. He knew and gloried in the fact that every mathematician who had lived for many centuries had been familiar with the proof that the circumference and the diameter of a circle were incommensurable quantities, and that his problem was therefore impossible. But he felt that he was the man to prove the whole world wrong, and went to Aberdeen with the conviction that he, with no other preliminary study than that of Wallingham's *Tutor's Assistant*, was the one great light of the age who was to refute arguments which he had never read, and the very language of symbols of which he had never learned to understand. After narrating a vain attempt to inflict a discussion on the Astronomer Royal, he details the proceedings (remarkable for the modest assurance which they displayed) by which he forced his nonsense upon the good nature of the assembled savans. There the matter might have ended, and there would have been nothing to record but the reappearance of a not unknown form of ignorance and conceit. But it fortunately happened that the world contained a mathematician who pitied the evidently sincere delusion of the fancied discoverer, and Quixotically endeavoured to cure him of his mania. It would be just as easy, as the event proved, to cure a lunatic who believes that he is Nebuchadnezzar or Beelzebub as to reason a man of Mr. Smith's stamp out of the dream that he is a great discoverer; and the “eminent mathematician” (the title by which Mr. Smith conceals the name of his too compassionate friend) little knew the task he was undertaking when, in a sanguine moment, he volunteered to satisfy the patient “that his highly ingenious reasoning rested on a fallacy.” From that moment the sufferer was hopelessly incurable. The illustrious James Smith had at last got what he had pined for all his life—an antagonist—and one, we may mention, who was really as good a mathematician as the most ambitious of sciolists could desire to vanquish.

The correspondence thus commenced fills 157 pages of large-octavo print, and so completely did the patient triumph over the skill of the amateur physician, that the last words of the last letter are a complacent assurance that Smith “will be glad to find that the eminent mathematician is possessed of the moral courage to admit that the problem of the quadrature of the circle has at length been satisfactorily solved.” For the benefit of lady readers, we may explain that the case is precisely the same as if a correspondence between a man of first-rate powers and a lunatic had ended by the latter trusting that his friend would no longer deny that two and two made five. And now comes the real moral of this rather uninviting tale. When the disputants were so unequal in power, and the truth so demonstrably on the side of the stronger, why was the result only to increase the tenacity with which the unhappy Mr. Smith clung to his delusion? The phenomenon explains itself by a glance at the correspondence. Mr. Smith's disease was one of those disorders which consist in the total absence of some one particular faculty. The missing quality was the power of reasoning, and, of course, the most luminous arguments had exactly the same effect on him which a ray of light has on a blind man. This is not so uncommon a malady as may be supposed. Thousands of people go creditably through the world, get rich, bring up families, and live and die with exemplary propriety, without a suspicion of insanity being cast upon them, who are yet, for any purpose of logical argument, totally reason-blind—just as colour-blind subjects, if they keep their own counsel and don't undertake to act as railway signalmen, may pass through life without feeling themselves or exposing to others their incapacity to see red rays. Unfortunately for himself, Mr. Smith picked up the jargon of argument without being able to comprehend its essence, and the eminent mathematician turned the red light of his reasonings upon his colour-blind patient with an absence of effect which makes the correspondence one of the most melancholy humorous things that were ever printed. Of course, the stuff which Mr. Smith had written was crammed full of inconsequences, and his physician commenced his curative essays by pointing out one of them, mildly suggesting that perhaps it would be as well not to talk about such things as a square being of the same size as a line—a sort of licence which is only admitted in the incongruous talk of medical students who propose to knock their friends into the middle of next week, or funnily inquire how far it is from London-bridge to one o'clock.

The first assault only brought out Mr. Smith's hallucination in greater force, so a new mode of treatment was attempted. The question was stated in its narrowest and simplest form, and the discoverer was invited to tender his proofs that the ratio of circumference to diameter was, as he maintained, exactly $3\frac{1}{2}$.

* *The Quadrature of the Circle.*—Correspondence between an Eminent Mathematician and James Smith. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

to 1—that is, as 25 to 8, instead of being represented by the perpetual decimal 3.14159 . . . which has been proved to be the true proportion. There is a familiar process of great service in personal and domestic wranglings, known as begging the question, and this proved to be almost the only one of the processes of logic with which Mr. Smith was acquainted. Accordingly, the challenge was accepted with alacrity, and a long and triumphant proof was sent, the only defect of which was that it began by assuming that the circumference was to the diameter as 25 to 8, and ended by coming back, after a roving excursion, to the conclusion that therefore the diameter was to the circumference as 8 to 25.

Eminent mathematicians are always obstinate men, and no thought of giving up his task occurred at this stage to our hopeful Quixote. After his first process had failed in subduing the disease, he made a vigorous assault on two sides at once. One missive was despatched to Mr. Smith, containing the common trigonometrical proof that the ratio in question was the non-terminating decimal 3.14159 Another letter was despatched at the heels of the first, in which the Smithian proof was condensed into a form equivalent to this:—"On a diameter, unity, describe a circle whose circumference shall be 34, then the circumference of the said circle is to the diameter as 25 to 8, Q.E.D." Mr. Smith was invited to accept this as a fair statement of his own reasoning, and the eminent mathematician thought that between his own trigonometrical proof and his *reductio ad absurdum* of his adversary's argument, he should fairly bring poor Mr. Smith to a perception of the truth. He was never further from it. With a queer mixture of cunning and audacity, the patient replied to the first letter that "when it suited his convenience he could point out without the least difficulty the fallacy of the demonstration offered"—the very language of which, as he afterwards impliedly acknowledged, he did not comprehend. To the second letter his answer was crushing. He admitted that his reasoning had been fairly stated, but was incapable of seeing the least objection to assuming the theorem which he undertook to prove. Not even yet was the patient given up, but he got the better of his correspondent at every turn, and at last, with an adroitness at catching the language of others which is a familiar characteristic of persons deficient in reasoning powers, he turned the tables on his opponent by boldly asserting that the trigonometrical proof which he could not comprehend was quite beside the question, because it assumed the very point to be decided. He was himself incapable of seeing that to beg the question involved any fallacy in argument; but he thought it an admirable device to charge the defect, of which his own proofs had been accused, upon the counter-demonstration which he could not so much as read.

Seeing that logic could find no entrance into the cranium of Mr. Smith, our eminent mathematician tried another device. Trace a large circle on the sand, he suggested, and measure it, and you will find your ratio wrong. But philosopher Smith was not to be beaten by a contrivance so coarse as this. All measurements, he was satisfied, were fallacious. So he would not try them; and being equally sure that all trigonometry was false, he would not qualify himself for a trigonometrical problem, by learning the ABC of the science; and then, with drearier and drearier prolixity, he plunged into a new set of proofs of a slightly different kind. At first he had simply begged the question and reasoned in a circle. Now he eliminated it instead. With marvellous industry he piled up heaps of theorems, the truth of which was quite independent of the question he was investigating, introduced his assumption into both sides of what mathematicians call an identical equation, and proudly pointed to the accuracy of his results as evidence of the truth of his hypothesis.

The vanity of the poor patient had now been fed up to a point at which it began to run riot. At this stage he concedes with his would-be teacher on the fallacy of his reasonings, and consoles him with the acknowledgment that he is "certainly so far justified that he can advance the names of Newton, La Place, and Des Cartes" as sharers in the same error. This was the finishing touch, and probably Mr. Smith experienced an exquisite thrill of delight when he received the rather tart reply that "humility was obviously not one of his characteristics." Humility for him—the great discoverer—what could be more preposterous? And what more satisfactory proof of the cogency of his arguments than this tacit appeal to the authority which he defied? The mania was incurably fixed by the curative process which was applied with so sad an ignorance of the characteristics of the case. Mr. Smith had become infinitely more conceited, and not a jot less ignorant than at first; and he proceeded to repay the kindness of his injudicious friend by insisting on printing the whole correspondence. In vain did Eminent Mathematician protest against being gibbeted as one who had undertaken a ridiculous task, though he succeeded at last in getting his name suppressed. The worthy Harbour Commissioner, who was too dense to understand a piece of schoolboy mathematics, was not less obtuse in comprehending that it was dishonourable to publish a private correspondence. There was really no great harm done, after all; for, however one may be disposed to smile at the extravagant good-nature which proposed to find both arguments and brains for a squarer of the circle, the objection to the publication is conclusively answered by Mr. Smith himself, in the only words of sense which his book contains—"If," he says, "you mean that, in an evil moment, you

were foolish enough to enter into a correspondence with a man of such ignorance and stupidity that no amount of argument could possibly influence his silly judgment, I can see no reason why you should have the least objection to the publication, for in that case I should be the party gibbeted, not you." This is true enough, and the story will not be without its use if it teaches eminent mathematicians in future not to seek to cure, by reasoning, the absence of the reasoning faculty. Mr. Smith's book shows, at any rate, that the disorder is proof against the utmost clearness of explanation, and the most exemplary patience and good humour which were ever wasted on stubborn and arrogant stupidity.

CARNOT.

THE character of Carnot, and the quiet and grand patriotic part which he played in the midst of the mighty commotions of the French Revolution—the immense capacity which he exhibited as the general of fourteen armies simultaneously—his vast fertility of resources, and the unflinching faith in his country which enabled him to organize the series of victories which liberated the soil of France from the feet of the invader—have met with but scant justice hitherto at the hands of the historians of his time. And the reasons are not far to seek. Carnot was not a theatrical personage, nor one who thrust himself forward into the scene of public notoriety, although the work he did was immense, and its importance in the history of France inappreciable. It is always useless to speculate on what *might* have happened in certain contingencies. It has been said that Mirabeau *might* have saved the French monarchy. But this is certain, that without Carnot, France would have been a conquered country in 1793 and 1794. Napoleon said to him, on taking leave of him for the last time, *Carnot, je vous ai connu trop tard*, and without Carnot, it may be said there would have been no Napoleon; although, with true republican austerity, he kept aloof from the man whom he helped to make during the whole of the period of Imperial glory. Of all the historians of the Revolution, Thiers is the only one who gives him anything like due appreciation; and even he takes occasion to lower his abilities in order to exalt those of his own idol. Indeed the qualities of Carnot were not such as to arrest the attention or attract the sympathies of those who are the best known historians of the French Revolution. Carnot being simply a patriot, a man of profound scientific genius, a surprising administrator of unimpeachable integrity, without vanity, fanaticism, or love of self-aggrandizement—a statesman of the Washington stamp, but with a vaster intellect than the American leader—his figure is not an imposing one among the theatrical actors of the bloody drama of the Revolution, characterized by every abandonment of passion and extravagance of crime. He has neither the conceit and sanguinary pedantry of Robespierre to recommend him, nor the splendid immorality of Mirabeau and Danton, nor the murderous ferocity of Marat, nor the ambition or unscrupulousness of Napoleon. Consequently the Bonapartist historian, the Robespierrian advocate, the Mirabeau rhapsodist, and the morbid sympathizers with the bloodstained artificers of atrocity have passed him by with supercilious disregard. But the work which Carnot did looms more and more out of the turmoil of the times when dispassionately considered, and the few who really esteemed Carnot at his due worth are precisely those who were the most capable of doing so. Among these is Arago, who with his enthusiastic temperament was naturally attracted towards a brother in science, for Carnot's name will live for ever in the history of mathematics. As the author of most important discoveries in the theory of mechanics and the infinitesimal Calculus, Arago, from the universality of his abilities, was not less able to appreciate Carnot's labours as an administrator and a Minister of War than in science; and the short biography he has written is a worthy tribute to the admiration of a great man to one who was still greater. "Strangely enough, too, Niebuhr was also a great admirer of Carnot, though he had never seen him. He was forcibly struck by the strong Roman type of his character, and expressed his praise in language surprisingly warm for a man of Niebuhr's disposition. "Carnot," he wrote to a friend, "is in some respects the greatest man of this age; his virtue is of an exquisite nature. My politics differ from his, and my love for him may seem an anomaly, but this love exists. If only a morsel of bread remained to me in the world I should be proud to divide it with Carnot." If Carnot were alive now, he would doubtless consider the neglect of MM. Lamartine, Michelet, and Louis Blanc more than counterbalanced by the praise of such men as Arago and Niebuhr. During the seventeen months in which Carnot was virtually General-in-Chief of all the armies of France, his achievements have thus been summed up by Arago:—27 victories, of which eight were pitched battles; 120 combats, 80,000 enemies killed, 91,000 made prisoners, 116 towns taken, 230 forts and lesser places carried, 3,800 cannon and 70,000 muskets, 90 flags, and an immense quantity of ammunition captured from the enemy. "Where can be found," said Fox, in the English Parliament, "a similar campaign in the whole annals of Europe?" What should make these results more estimable in the eyes of the historian is the consideration that they were all gained in a patriotic war for the defence of the territory, and not in a war of aggression. But it is a curious example of how much more the names

* *Mémoires sur Carnot. Par son Fils. Tome Premier. Paris: Pagnerre. 1861-2.*

of victories are kept alive by the glory, however vain, of the commanders who gain them than by the intrinsic merits of the cause in which they were obtained, that all the names of the series of victories won by Republican France in defence of her territory have little brilliance by the side of the great successes of Napoleon. Hondschoote, Wattignies and Fleurus show feebly by the side of Jena, Austerlitz, and Wagram. And yet the armies and achievements of Republican France have far more moral worth and dignity when compared with those of the Empire. Under Napoleon the camp was the soldier's home and his country, and he fought for the glory of the army; but the soldiers of Carnot were all patriots. Their victories were the victories of patriotism, won, not by conscripts, but by volunteers, rushing to the frontiers at the cry *La patrie est en danger*, without shoes to their feet, or bread to eat. And when their service was over, the difference of the two soldiers was as great as that of their motives. The Imperialist remained always a soldier—the volunteer of Carnot, like the soldier of Cromwell, was merged in the citizen.

A life of Carnot by his son, M. Hippolyte Carnot, has long been announced, and the first volume is now published. This contains the most important period of Carnot's life, and, though it wants that homogeneity and straightforward purpose which is essential to a good biography, yet will be most valuable as containing authentic evidence from which various misconceptions relating to its subject can be corrected, and as preserving little incidents and sayings of Carnot which characterize the man, and give a more lifelike impression of him to the reader. It is, however, usually found to be a perilous thing for a son to undertake the biography of a father, and M. Hippolyte Carnot has not escaped from the danger of being led to give undue prominence and prolixity to many family circumstances which for historic or literary purposes are unimportant.

Carnot was born in Burgundy, the country of Bossuet, Vauban, and Buffon, at the little town of Nolay, on the Côte d'Or, between Beaune, Autun, and Châlon, on the 13th of May, 1753. His father was an *avocat* of respectable family, and Carnot, whose full name was Lazare Nicolas Marguerite Carnot, was one of eighteen children, of whom only seven came to mature age. His childhood was passed at home, and the first striking incident in his life occurred at ten years of age, when he was taken by his mother to a theatre at Dijon. In the course of the piece, certain military evolutions were performed. While the actors were engaged in one, young Carnot, to the dismay of his mother and the astonishment of the spectators, rose from his seat and addressed the general of the stage troops on the unmilitary character of his operations, and showed him that his artillery was exposed unnecessarily to the fire of the enemy's fortifications, and where it ought to be placed. The actors fell into confusion; Madame Carnot was in despair; the pit and boxes were convulsed with laughter. The boy alone sat self-possessed in the premonitory assurance of military genius. The only branch of the army open to the sons of *roturiers* before the Revolution was the Engineers, and for this, accordingly, the young Carnot was destined. From twelve to fifteen he was educated at the seminary of Autun, when he was removed to Paris, where he was placed at the military school of M. de Longpré; for private schools then undertook the duties afterwards fulfilled by the Ecole Polytechnique. At this school Carnot had the benefit of the tuition of D'Alembert, and he preserved to his latest days precious recollections of the old geometrician. Carnot subsequently entered the school of Engineers at Mézières, where he was also a pupil of Bossut and the celebrated Monge. At twenty he was a lieutenant in the garrison at Calais. For some years he disappears in the obscurity of garrison life at various towns in Picardy and Normandy. We know, however, that he was then engaged in educating, for his own profession, his younger brother, who sat with him afterwards on the benches of the Legislative Assembly, and was by his side on the eventful day of Wattignies. At the age of thirty he became captain by seniority.

Carnot's first appearance as a candidate for public distinction was at the age of thirty-one, when he gained the prize offered by the Academy of Dijon for the best *Eloge de Vauban*. Both matter and style obtained the applause of the first men of the time—of the Prince de Condé, of Prince Henry of Prussia, brother of Frederic the Great, and of Buffon. Prince Henry especially was so attracted by Carnot's ability, that he endeavoured to persuade him to accept service in the Prussian army. For the next seven years Carnot sank again into obscurity. We only know that he was busying himself with science and his profession—writing treatises on mechanics and fortifications, and also from time to time composing *chansons*, published in the *Almanachs* of the time, which fixed themselves in the mind of the young Beranger. For Carnot had a strong vein of the poet in his temperament; and conjoined with this, as is often the case, he had a quick enthusiasm for every new invention, especially for the Montgolfier balloon, then on its trial, and about which he wrote scientific disquisitions. His private reading, like that of most of his contemporaries among the leaders of the Revolution, was Rousseau and Plutarch, and to these he added Polybius, Thucydides, and Caesar.

Carnot was married in 1791. He and his younger brother, Carnot-Feulins, married two sisters of a citizen of Saint Omer, a retired officer of the civil department of the army, and the same year he entered the Legislative Assembly, and his historic life

commenced. Carnot's military talents and knowledge were soon apparent, and he was speedily appointed to high positions of trust. His great work began in 1793, when Dumouriez turned traitor, and the wreck of his army was being driven back from position to position. Valenciennes and Condé opened their gates to the enemy; Mayence, pressed by famine, had capitulated; 20,000 Piedmontese had passed the Alps; 40,000 Vendéans, under Cathelineau, were triumphant on both sides of the Loire; Toulouse was in the hands of the English; Marseilles and Lyons were disaffected. When the news of the treason of Dumouriez reached Paris, the famous Committee of Public Safety was formed, and Carnot, then with the army of the north, was recalled to direct the whole military operations of France. Three weeks afterwards the victory of Hondschoote was gained, and in six weeks the victory of Wattignies, and then a successive series of victories effaced the traces of previous disasters. Wattignies is the most brilliant day in all Carnot's career. Napoleon one day, in his *Conseil d'Etat*, recounted the incidents of the battle of Wattignies, calling it "*Le plus beau fait d'armes de la Révolution*;" and adding, "*Savez-vous, messieurs, qui a fait cela? C'est Carnot*." Nine years afterwards he gave a pension to Carnot, by a decree containing these words—"Carnot n'eût-il fait que de contribuer au déblocus de Maubeuge, il aura toujours droit à ma reconnaissance." Carnot, on this occasion, was virtually the commander in the field. He overruled Jourdan's orders in a manner which led to victory, and at the most critical point of combat, he himself, in the costume of a *representant*, took a musket, and led a column of infantry. By the victory of Wattignies, the siege of Maubeuge, then pressed to the last extremity, was raised, the positions of Cobourg carried, and the allied armies prevented from marching on Paris. Cobourg himself had felt so confident in his position, that he had said—"Les républicains sont d'excellents soldats, mais s'ils me délogent d'ici je consens à me faire républicain moi-même."

On no other occasion was Carnot in the field, but his plans of campaign of each of the fourteen armies of France were drawn up with wonderful minuteness, and it is said that the limits he prescribed were never overpassed without evil consequences. His directions to Pichegru were all written with his own hand. He prescribed the places where battle was to be given, and those where simple demonstrations were to be made and skirmishes engaged; the strength of each garrison and each post was laid down, and the arrangements for supplies of ammunition and provision were most carefully organized. At the same time Carnot read himself all the despatches and correspondence connected with his department, and his searching observation was continually directed among the lower ranks of the army. He detected the merit of Hoche in the young sergeant, and Moreau, Jourdan, Pichegru, and Buonaparte found speedy recognition in his favour.

Those who have read the *Misérables* will not easily forget the vivid picture Victor Hugo has drawn of the degradation of a *Conventionnel* after the Restoration, and will readily understand how, during the days of the fatuous intoxication of the *Jeunesse Dorée*, royalist writers would attempt to gain power by blackening the memory and lessening the merit of Carnot, whose genius alone had prevented the forcible restoration of royalty by foreign arms in 1793. Of the several charges brought against him, that of ingratitude to the Prince de Condé is proved to be false, simply by a comparison of dates. It is more difficult to justify his continuance as a member of the *Comité de Salut Public* during the scenes of atrocity of the Terror; but his inflexible patriotism, his entire absorption in the direction of the armies, his abstinence from all internal politics, except to modify or avert the sanguinary measures of his colleagues, and his entire ignorance of the orders of internal police as issued day by day, are very powerful reasons to urge for his absolution. He acted without flinching on the great principle—doubtless also the source of many crimes—*Perisse ma reputation et que mon pays soit sauvé*. At the same time it would seem that it was nothing but Carnot's special capacity which saved his head. Robespierre exhibited the most ridiculous jealousy of his colleague, and annoyance in not being able to get rid of him. Cambon on one occasion found Robespierre in Carnot's bureau, with his head between his hands, surrounded by maps and military treatises, and striking from time to time the table in spite and vexation, saying, *Je n'y comprendrais jamais rien*. On one occasion, when his arrest was demanded in the Convention, Bourdon de l'Oise saved his life by these words, *Oserez-vous porter la main sur celui qui a organisé la victoire dans les armées françaises?*—and from that day the title of *organisateur de la victoire* attached itself to Carnot for all time. In the succeeding elections Carnot was named deputy by fourteen departments.

MERLIN.*

IT is much to be wished that some one would take up the subject of Celtic antiquities in the true spirit of a critical historian. The Celts still exist—their languages are still spoken. They form a considerable item in the population of one great European Power, and they form more than an item—they form the real essence of the nation—in another. The greater part of Wales, part of Ireland, part of Scotland, and the native population of Man, still retain their Celtic speech; and a large portion again of England, Scotland, and Ireland, though the language has now died out, was Celtic in comparatively recent times. In France

* *Myrdhin, ou l'Enchanteur Merlin, son Histoire, ses Œuvres, son Influence.* Par le Vicomte Hersart de la Villemarqué. Paris: Didier et Cie.

the pure Celt still lingers in Brittany, and we cannot doubt that in all Northern France, the Celts still form the real kernel of the nation. They have adopted the language of one set of conquerors; they have stolen the national name and the national heroes of another; but the Gaul is still a Gaul all the same. Here, then, is an element far from inconsiderable in the two chief nations of Europe. But of its history and its literature we may say that absolutely nothing is known. It is not merely that the world at large, the "general reader," knows nothing about it. The "general reader" knows exceedingly little about either Greek or Teutonic matters; but the "general reader" is not the only type of mankind, and there are plenty of people who understand both Greek and Teutonic matters very well. But Celtic matters nobody knows. Professor Zeuss knows the language, but nobody knows the history. Of course, there are plenty who think that they know it, but that is quite another thing from knowing. For our own part, we freely confess our total ignorance, and our earnest wish that some one would arise to teach us. We have reached the point of seeing what is wrong, but not that of seeing what is right. The unlucky thing is that it is so very hard to find a man who at once knows Welsh and knows anything else. Few Welshmen are scholars, and few scholars understand Welsh. There is a vast mass of what professes to be ancient Celtic literature, but those who can construe it cannot criticize it, and those who could criticize it cannot construe it. Welsh literature and Welsh history have therefore fallen into the hands of an inferior class—the class who babble patriotism at Eisteddfods, who call themselves Bards and Druids, who believe that cromlechs are altars and that stone celts are sacrificial knives, and who are selected by the Master of the Rolls to edit the *Annales Cambrie* and the *Brut y Tyerwsgion*.

The main cause of all this is to be found in the fact that the Celtic element, both in Gaul and Britain, has sunk from a national to a provincial position. This is the most fatal doom that can happen to the history and literature of any people. Except a very few curious scholars, no Englishman thinks of learning Welsh, and no Frenchman thinks of learning Breton. Why should an Englishman learn Welsh? It is not useful to him either in the way that Greek is useful, or in the way that French is useful. An educated Englishman, if he travels, or even lives, in Wales itself, finds English the language of everybody of his own class, and finds that nearly everybody that he comes across knows at least English enough to answer his questions. He is not attracted to Celtic history or Celtic literature in the way that he is attracted to the history and literature of France, or Italy, or Germany. He either passes the whole thing by as unworthy of notice, or, if it chances to raise a languid curiosity in his mind, he is satisfied with believing whatever the Welshmen choose to tell him. This last is no uncommon frame of mind; indeed, as a general rule, no one is so Welsh as an Englishman living on the Welsh border. Hence Welsh history and literature fall mainly into the hands of men who, if they know Welsh matters, certainly know nothing else, and who are wholly incapable of critically comparing their Welsh records with the records of any other nation. Add to this the point of local honour, which is so far stronger in a province than it is in a nation. People in the present position of either the Gaulish or the British Celts cling to every tradition as if it were a matter of life and death, and reject every intrusion of criticism as sacrilege. How the Druidical school deal with one of their countrymen who is wiser than themselves may be seen in the fate of Mr. Stephens of Merthyr. Mr. Stephens is a self-taught man of extraordinary natural powers, who only needed a more perfect early education to become the real historian of his country. Brought up in the thick of the Druidical sect, his strong sense has cast off their superstitions one by one, and he has come nearer than any other man to the position of a critical expounder of Celtic antiquity. Those who have heard the story will not easily forget it. Some Eisteddfod or other offered a prize for the best Essay on Prince Madoc's Settlement in America. That the prize was fairly won by Mr. Stephens no one doubted, but Mr. Stephens was not allowed to have it because his essay incontestably proved that Prince Madoc never settled in America at all.

The present work, by a French—perhaps he would rather be called a Breton—nobleman, well known for his devotion to Celtic antiquities, of course differs widely from the mere vulgar and ignorant productions of the Druidical school. The Viscount Hersart de la Villemarqué is a scholar, and illustrates his subject by extensive reading in various languages. He writes flowing and unaffected French, and, with all his manifest love for his theme, he rises above any narrow provincial absurdities. But his book on Merlin presents exactly the same utter lack of criticism which is characteristic of nearly all books on Celtic matters. M. de la Villemarqué has to deal with a mythological person, whose existence is exceedingly doubtful—one of whose real actions, if he existed, we know next to nothing—while he has become the centre of a prodigious mass of romance, poetry, and, we suspect we must add, conscious imposture. Merlin, like the whole set of stories about Arthur, forms just the subject for a searching critical examination. There is the question to be solved whether there is any germ of truth at the bottom of so much fiction; and there is the history of the fiction itself, its origin, development, and influence, to be critically traced out. But of all this M. de Villemarqué attempts nothing. He tells us all he can find out about Merlin under the heads of "Real," "Legendary," "Romantic," and "Poetic," but of real criticism we can see no trace whatever. As far as our heavy Saxon intellects can judge of

such matters, we can see no evidence for the historical existence of Merlin at all. And, that we may not be charged with over disbelief, we may add that the rejection of Merlin in no way implies the rejection of Arthur or of Ambrosius Aurelianus. Perhaps even Arthur and Ambrosius may not rest on the firmest foundation in the world, but at any rate they rest on a firmer foundation than Merlin. Certain histories, which may possibly be genuine and authentic, do mention them, but they do not mention Merlin. To be sure, for those who believe in Nennius, there is a story in Nennius about a child without a father, which story is evidently the germ of a great deal of the legendary history of Merlin. But we can hardly fancy that the wildest Welshman believes the tale, and the name Merlin does not occur in Nennius. How early it may be found in any Welsh or Breton writings we cannot say, because M. de la Villemarqué gives us no sort of critical account of the date or value of the Welsh and Breton writings which he quotes. But this is just what a critical investigator of the story of Merlin ought to have done. We can, therefore, get no further than to say that, as Agamemnon may have existed and may have had Calchas for his prophet, so Arthur may have existed and may have had Merlin to his prophet, but that we cannot pledge ourselves to the historical existence of any of them.

On the other hand, while Merlin's real existence is thus rather more than doubtful, there is no doubt that, by the twelfth century, Merlin had become one of the very greatest of mythical names. Geoffrey of Monmouth has a great deal to tell about him and so has Giraldus Cambrensis. The prophecies of Merlin were current everywhere, and commanded the deepest attention for several centuries. The strong common sense of William of Newburgh, the Grote or the Lewis of the twelfth century, was perhaps singular in casting him wholly to the winds. William was too pious a Christian—perhaps unconsciously too sceptical a philosopher—to believe that demons could either beget children or prophesy future events. The utmost such wicked spirits could do was to guess, and they very often guessed wrong. William, as he was a thoroughly impartial historian in recording the events of his own time, was thoroughly critical in dealing with the events of past ages. The man who could hold the balance evenly between Henry and Thomas had far too clear a head to believe a word about Brute the Trojan, or even about King Arthur himself. Down they go before the exceptional critic of the twelfth century, just as we have seen Menes and Semiramis go down before the hardly less exceptional critic of the nineteenth. William knew truth from falsehood. He knew that Venerable Bede was to be trusted, and that Geoffrey of Monmouth was not. Nevertheless men believed in Brute the Trojan for centuries after William of Newburgh, and we fear that some folk will continue to believe the myths of Egypt and Chaldaea long after the kindred labours of Sir Cornwall Lewis.

But, rejecting Merlin as a historical person, his mythical fame remains a fact, which fact has to be accounted for. Here would lie the task of the scientific mythologist. How came an imaginary prophet of the fifth or sixth century to possess an influence six hundred years after which makes William of Newburgh indignantly complain that men regarded the prophecies of Merlin as much as they did the prophecies of Isaiah? This is just what M. de Villemarqué does not touch upon. It is a question which is in no way answered by giving us various versions of the story of Merlin, and showing the various forms which they assume in the poetry of various Celtic countries. All this is very curious, and it supplies the raw material for an inquiry, but it is not the inquiry itself. Whether the single subject of Merlin is worth the while of a first-rate scholar to spend much time about may perhaps be doubted. But the general subject of Celtic history and literature is quite worth any scholar's while to take up. In fact, a corner of the history of Europe is left empty till the work is really done by some critical hand.

There are a few points of detail which struck us as odd in looking through M. de Villemarqué's book. The Breton form of the name Merlin or Myrddin is *Marzin*—at least that seems to be the French way of writing the *dd*, (the English *th* in *this*, the Modern Greek *ð*), which Frenchmen cannot pronounce. This Marzin M. de Villemarqué connects with the Marsi of Italy, and these with the German Marsi mentioned by Tacitus. As the incantations practised by the Italian Marsi seem to have given the name Marsus the general sense of enchanter, the connexion between Marsus and Marzin, though very unlikely, may be just possible. Now the Marsi, like other nations, had their eponymous hero, Marsus the son of Circe. M. de Villemarqué's way of dealing with him does not seem to us exactly that of a scientific mythologist:—

Au nombre des petits dieux de l'antiquité, il y en avait un vénéré du peuple à l'égal des plus grands; il passait pour le petit-fils du Soleil, et pour être né du commerce d'un génie avec la déesse suprême de la magie, dans une île enchantée de l'Hespérie, où cette déesse régnait. Mieux que personne il savait distinguer la vertu des plantes. Il en composait des remèdes, et guérissait toutes les maladies des hommes qui s'adressaient à lui. C'était surtout à guérir les morsures des serpents qu'il excellait. Par ses chants il leur faisait lâcher prise, et sa salive appliquée sur la partie blessée, neutralisant l'effet de leur venin, cautérisait immédiatement les plaies les plus dangereuses.

De lui croyait sortir un peuple qui était d'origine médique selon Ovide, germanique selon Tacite, phénicienne selon d'autres, mais en réalité tout à fait inconnue, fixé dans la Pouille.

Le nom du dieu était *Marsus*, et celui du peuple *Marsi*. Les *Marsi* héritaient de la science magique de leur chef; comme lui, ils étaient habiles médecins, et surtout grands enchanteurs de serpents. Ils se servaient à son

exemple de salive pour cauteriser les morsures de ces reptiles, et du chant pour les faire crever. Sous les empires, ils acquirent une telle célébrité que quiconque pouvait sans danger tenir un serpent dans sa main, ou savoir l'art de l'empêcher de nuire, ou vendait des remèdes propres à détruire l'effet de son venin, ou composait des drogues avec le suc de certaines herbes, ou même faisait le métier d'enchantement de quelque manière que ce fût, était appelé un *Mars*. Ainsi nos bohémien doivent leur nom aux habitants de la Bohême qui passaient pour sorciers.—Pp. 4-5.

It is a great pity that M. de Villemarqué, though the passage abounds in references, gives no reference to the passage in Tacitus which attributes a German origin to the Italian Marsi.

We were puzzled a good deal by an extract which M. de Villemarqué gives from a song which he attributes to the twelfth century:—

O pommiers doux, aux blanches fleurs, vos fruits délicieux apprennent à expliquer les paroles mystérieuses. L'Anc s'est levé pour exciter ceux qu'il commande; or, je sais de science certaine que l'Aigle va fondre du haut du ciel sur ses guerriers; les armes d'Owen rendent un son terrible; des soldats lui arrivent nombreux, de l'autre côté de la mer, et quoiqu'ils n'entendent pas sa langue, ils le serviront bien.

O pommiers doux, un voile sombre couvre votre feuillage vert; la trahison et la tyrannie règnent dans nos places fortes; les Bourguignons arrivent conduits par des héros d'Arras; la moisson sera belle, je le prédici, le blé pousse si vert! L'igle et ses aiglons arrivent de France; ils ne s'en retourneront pas sans profit pour nous.—Pp. 254-255.

The ass, we are told, is Henry II.—the eagle, Louis VII. of France. But what had Burgundians to do at Arras in their time? If there is any allusion to any event of these days, it is an allusion which is so far from explaining itself that a note would really have been in place. At the first blush, one thinks of the fifteenth century, when Arras really became a Burgundian city. If there were any disloyal Welshmen so late as 1435, the Peace of Arras between France and Burgundy might well have given them hopes. But could Owen Glyndwr, who disappears long before, have survived in any lurking-place till that year?

M. de Villemarqué brings in Arthur of Richmond, the famous Constable of France, very happily. In him he seems to see the real fulfilment of the prophecies:—

Tant d'aspirations généreuses vers ce qui fait ici-bas le prix et la dignité de la vie, tant de sang et de larmes versés pendant des siècles, tant d'opiniâtreté à espérer contre ce qu'on appellerait aujourd'hui brutalement un fait accompli, ne pouvaient être inutiles à la sainte cause de la liberté celtique. Tout sillou ou tombe la sueur du labourer doit lui rendre sa peine en or, et la moisson, et s'il sème malgré l'orage, dans l'attente d'un ciel plus clément, celui qui a fait une vertu de l'espérance le bénit pour n'avoir pas désespéré. L'histoire aussi bénira les nations bretonnes d'avoir semé pendant mille années désastreuses sans jamais se lasser d'attendre l'épi mûr de l'indépendance.

A une seule, il a été donné de lier quelques gerbes et d'accomplir, dans une certaine mesure, les vieilles prophéties: elle l'a pu, grâce à un troisième Arthur, à Arthur de Bretagne, comte de Richmond, connétable de France, grand prince digne de ses deux aînés, digne de porter l'épée française qui devait, en achevant l'œuvre de Jeanne d'Arc, chasser pour jamais les Anglais de notre pays.—P. 288.

We heartily thank M. de Villemarqué for this protest against the doctrine of "accomplished facts." It should not be forgotten that one of the fruits of Imperial government has been the suppression of the Breton Archaeological Society. Ten thousand Eisteddfods would hardly cause our Queen or her counsellors a thought, but it seems that Louis Napoleon Buonaparte was afraid of a body which might possibly send forth yet a fourth Arthur to deliver Brittany from Corsican domination. So it is; the Breton Society "has ceased to exist;" and M. de Villemarqué may well lament this petty piece of tyranny as among the most brutal of "accomplished facts."

FRENCH LITERATURE

IN a very short time, if the present fashion keeps its ground, the expression, *vous êtes bien provincial*, will not be synonymous with "You are a fool," or "You are an ill-mannered man." There is a decided revulsion of feeling in favour of all that is not connected with Paris; and we should not be surprised at finding that the mud-metropolis, like its neighbour Versailles, comes to be considered as a *courtisan sans mérite*. The argument against centralization, which has been discussed from the political point of view by M. Elias Regnault, and by the authors of *Paris*, is now examined in its merely literary features,* and M. de Pontmartin enters his protest against the habits of *camaraderie* which have transformed Paris journalism into a kind of exclusive and tyrannical corporation, passing verdicts and fulminating ukases according to the dictates, not of conscience, but of caprice. Madame Charbonneau is represented as a kind of provincial Madame Récamier; at whose house a small society of *beaux-esprits* meet every Thursday; and our author, whom chance has brought within the influence of that circle, takes the opportunity of saying his say about the newspaper writers who from their dingy back parlours in the offices of the *Press*, the *Siècle*, the *Constitutionnel*, and other organs of public opinion, lay down the law as far as matters literary are concerned. We doubt not that *Les Jours de Madame Charbonneau* are a chapter from M. de Pontmartin's biography; and allowing for a little professional jealousy, we must say that the book gives rather a faithful account of modern French journalism. There was little use, however, in throwing over proper names the very slight covering introduced by M. de Pontmartin; for even if a key to the list had not been supplied towards the end of the book, it was easy enough to discover M. Taxile Delord, for instance, under M. Porus Duclinquant, and M. Granier de Cassagnac under M. Bernier de Faux-Bissac.

* *Les Jours de Madame Charbonneau*. Paris: Michel Lévy. London: Jeffs.

Olympio, it is well known, is the somewhat ambitious title assumed by M. Victor Hugo himself in his *Rayons et les Ombres*—a title suggestive of the oracular manner in which the poet delivers his remarks on the conditions and destinies of humanity. The second and third part of *Les Misérables**, lately issued, contain some of those pompous utterances; but unless metaphors, tricks of style and *concelti* are to be taken as logic, we cannot be brought to admire either the portion of the work taken up by a description of the battle of Waterloo, or the chapters dedicated to an examination of convents and monastic establishments. The third part of the *Misérables* is as yet the one we like the most. The sketches of the *Gamin de Paris*, of the old legitimist society of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, and of the liberal movement amongst the students in the *Quartier Latin* are admirable; and the character of the downright, thorough-going villain, as embodied in Thénardier, is painfully true. Impossibilities abound now as well as in the two first volumes; and Jean Valjean, dogged by Javert, manages three times to escape under circumstances which could never be realized.

M. Victor Hugo wants to reform society, and, unquestionably, a great deal of reform is necessary. But how shall we go to work? The line of Andrieux, "On avait fait des plans, fort beaux sur le papier," involuntarily recurs to our mind whilst we think of all that has been attempted and the small amount that has been done. See, for instance, what was the result of the Revolution of 1848, the history of which M. Garnier Pages unfolds before us in his wordy and high-strained narrative.† If the duty of a Government is to furnish up old costumes taken from the property-room of 1792, to review troops and address Clubs, M. de Lamartine and his colleagues may be said to have performed their task admirably. The seventh volume of our historian's work is full of these manifestations—to-day the "Société de Droits de l'Homme," to-morrow the "Club des Ateliers Nationaux," the next day the "Club des Clubs." It is a complete panorama. The eloquence and patriotism of M. de Lamartine were, no doubt, equal to every emergency; but the evil day could not be indefinitely postponed, and the June riots dispelled the prestige which still existed in the mind of a few determined republicans. The best evidence of the weakness of the Provisional Government is supplied by M. Garnier Pages' account of the attempts made to revolutionize Belgium and Savoy. We take this view of the case rather than suppose for a moment that the French Cabinet, in spite of its repeated declarations, connived at two unjustifiable violations of the rights of neutrals. The new volume of the *Histoire de la Révolution* of 1848 finishes with the events of April—that is to say, on the eve of a catastrophe which was ultimately to bring about the removal of even the liberal institutions obtained and enjoyed since 1815.

Driven from the sphere of politics, the spirit of liberalism is now almost exclusively to be discovered mixed up with the literary productions of the day. If a writer cannot discuss openly the Palikao dotation, the Mexican war, or the Budget, he will often find the means of diffusing his principles, and of striking an effective blow whilst he talks about Tacitus, Aristophanes, or Milton. Such is the case with M. Laurent Pichat, whose *Poètes de Combat*‡ deserve to be noticed among the best volumes of literary criticism which have recently been published. Under this title the author has brought together a dozen lectures delivered by him last winter at the *Conférences* of the Rue de la Paix; and the leading idea which gives unity to the series is that poets, if they would be worthy of the name, must not be mere dreamers, but play an active part in the battle of life. M. Laurent Pichat has anticipated the objection of some timid persons who reproved him for dragging politics everywhere. A poet, he answers, who at the present time celebrates merely form and physical beauty—who passes through the world careless, indifferent, without hatred and without love—that man is not an artist, but a mere artisan. To weigh words, to combine pleasant sounds, to polish a stanza, cannot be considered but as an occupation worse than useless when there is so much scope for action and such necessity for wholesome influence. Thomas Hood, Auguste Barbier, Alfred de Musset, Hégésippe Moreau, and Victor Hugo are the principal poets selected by M. Laurent Pichat as the theme of his lectures; and in commenting on the works of these eminent men, he has been enabled to give, not merely a volume of literary criticism, but also a number of valuable practical directions for everyday life.

We have several times heard it remarked that M. Guizot's memoirs are not so interesting as they might have been. The fact is, for the last few years public taste in France has been completely perverted in consequence of the production of a number of books, all classed under the designation of *Mémoires*, and in which scandal, falsehood, and gross personalities are freely made use of to attract notice, and to command a sale. Of course the readers who enjoy George Sand's *Elle et Lui*, or M. Capefigue's monographies, are not likely to appreciate the *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de mon Temps*§. We persist, however, in thinking that M. Guizot has seldom presented us with a work of greater value and interest than the one we are noticing. The fifth

* *Les Misérables*. Par Victor Hugo. Bruxelles: Lacroix. London: Jeffs.

† *Histoire de la Révolution de 1848*. Par Garnier Pages. Tome vii. Paris: Pagnerre. London: Jeffs.

‡ *Les Poètes de Combat*. Par Laurent Pichat. Paris: Jung-Treuttel. London: Jeffs.

§ *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de mon Temps*, vol. 5. Par M. Guizot. Paris: Michel Lévy. London: Jeffs.

volume, just issued, is of peculiar interest to English readers, for it contains the account of M. Guizot's embassy to the Court of St. James, his negotiations about the Eastern question, and his impressions of English society. Surely in this entertaining volume there is variety enough to please the most fastidious readers. For those who like chiefly political discussions, the first three chapters will appear extremely valuable. Persons fond of turning to memoirs, as to a portrait gallery, can indulge their taste in perusing M. Guizot's *la Société Anglaise en 1840*; whilst moralists and philosophers will, as usual, be struck by the truth of his remarks on the institutions and laws of the society among which he was then residing for the first time. The impartiality and high character of judges such as the illustrious doctrinaire statesman may well make us forget the flippant *feuilletons* of M. Edmond Texier and M. Assolant.

A propos of M. Assolant, here is a book bearing that gentleman's name*, and we can therefore judge whether the famous articles of the *Courrier du Dimanche* are fair specimens of his abilities, or only the exceptional facetiae of a man who sneers at things which he cannot understand. Well, although our verdict may be considered as the expression of spite and angry feeling, we are bound to say that *D'Heure en Heure* is nothing but a collection of *feuilletons*, precisely in the same style as those which have afforded lately so much amusement to the English public. Some one tells us that M. Assolant is *un homme désillusionné*, and who has come to the usual conclusion—vanity of vanities, all is vanity. Read, they say, his *Marcomir*, his *Chanson de Roland*, his *Quaterquem*. As if the want of what our neighbours call *illusions* could be deemed a sufficient excuse for absurd attempts at wit, affectation of originality, and prejudice of the grossest character! There is one thing we like in M. Assolant, and for the sake of that quality, we might almost overlook his ignorance and his want of courtesy. He is the advocate of freedom; he detests as much as we do the innumerable contrivances of despotism; his remarks on centralization are bitter enough; and we suspect that if he was not obliged to walk in the fear of M. de Persigny all the day long, he could say still more. Liberalism in politics appears throughout the chapters of *D'Heure en Heure*, but our praise must stop there, for the book itself is about the most unequalled for meaningless rhapsody that ever was palmed upon the public.

M. Victor Fournel, like M. Assolant, has written much for reviews and newspapers, but his essays are of the number of those that gain rather than otherwise by being collected together in a permanent shape. Under the title *La Littérature Indépendante et les Écrivains Oubliés*†, he has classed a number of portraits which the majority of readers are not accustomed to find in professed literary histories—Cyrano de Bergerac, Théophile, Scarron, Gomberville, and La Calprenède. We must bear in mind that during the seventeenth century, besides the literary school presided over by Boileau—a school where etiquette, formalism, and a kind of stilted dignity too often took the place of imagination and genius—there existed a group of clever writers, who had preferred an isolated position, who cared little for propriety, taste, decorum, and who maintained freedom of thought and freedom of speech in spite of Louis XIV. himself. Pooh-poohed by the author of *Le Lutrin*, the men we are now alluding to have ever since been placed on the *index expurgatorius* of classical critics—first, because it is always impossible for isolated individuals to make a stand against a coterie as powerful as that of Boileau, backed, besides, by the authority of the King; and, secondly, because they were certainly, in point of style and of taste, extremely unequal. It cannot be denied, however, that *les écrivains oubliés* have not been without their influence on the development of French literature, and M. Victor Fournel establishes that position very conclusively in his suggestive volume.

The eventful life of the Countess of Albany and the history of her adventures with Alfieri have engaged the attention of several writers. Baron von Reumont published, about two years ago, a couple of volumes on this subject. Lord Stanhope has brought to light some valuable information of an official character; and Sismondi's correspondence, still only imperfectly edited, was known to be particularly rich in documents relating to the wife of Prince Charles-Edward. From all these sources M. Saint René Taillandier has taken the materials of an interesting monography‡, written originally for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and embodying many characteristic details on French and Italian society during the last days of the reign of Louis XVI., the Republic, the Consulate, and the first Empire. Alfieri, Bonstetten, Chateaubriand, Lamartine, and Madame de Staël are the chief actors of this singular drama, which is not without its moral lesson clearly and unhesitatingly enforced by M. Saint René Taillandier. The preface of the work leads us to expect the speedy publication of Sismondi's entire correspondence with the Countess of Albany; and when the editor has thus redeemed his pledge, we shall be able to form a distinct idea of a person who, despite all her faults, must hold an important position in history as one of the most fascinating and accomplished women of her day.

On the ill-defined and doubtful boundaries which separate

romance from reality we should place likewise a lady as celebrated as the Countess of Albany, but unfortunately indebted for her notoriety to far different causes. The mournful adventures of the Marchioness de Ganges are familiar to those who have studied the annals of the reign of Louis XIV., and in the whole range of tragical literature it would be difficult to find an episode more startling, more horrible. We read that under the reign of the *Grand Monarque*, amidst all the refinements of taste and the elegant frivolities of Versailles, deeds were being perpetrated which remind one of the Borgias; and the startling revelations obtained by the judges who presided at the *affaire des poisons* have proved that some of the highest personages of the French Court were deeply implicated in these abominable transactions. M. Charles Hugo's *Une Famille tragique** is nothing else but an account of the catastrophe of the Ganges family, arranged in the shape of a novel. All the leading incidents of the story are carefully preserved, and the only alterations the author has introduced are a few trifling circumstances artistically combined to produce a greater amount of dramatic effect. It is not astonishing that the name of Hugo should be associated with such a narrative, and we only wonder how the author of *Lucrèce Borgia* should not have, long before this, turned the history of Madame de Ganges into a drama for the *Gaieté* or the *Porte Saint Martin*.

The *Bibliothèque de l'Amour et de la Galanterie*,† published by the ever-active M. Jung-Treuttel, is a collection destined, we suppose, especially for the *grisettes* of the *Quartier Latin*. The volume entitled *Les Grands Capitaines Amoureux* will show them how to captivate even Field Marshals and Commanders-in-Chief; in *Les Galants de la Couronne* they can see that Queens themselves may sometimes introduce at court the free-and-easy style of the Rue de Bréda, whilst the *Bohémiennes de l'Amour* must read like a funeral oration pointing out the final destiny of profligacy and vice, viz. the rag-shops of the Temple market and the boards of a third-rate theatre. Such is our construction of the three duodecimos, the titles of which we have just transcribed; but we doubt whether the authors had any very definite moral purpose when they compiled so assiduously these *recueils* of love affairs. The *Bibliothèque de l'Amour* is, in fact, a publication which is, to say the least, quite uncalled for; and if a few historical anecdotes borrowed from Brantôme, Ségur, or Voltaire give some interest to the *Galants* and the *Grands Capitaines*, there is, on the other hand, nothing whatever to recommend *Les Bohémiennes*—not even the portrait of Lola Montes, which appears at the beginning as a notorious specimen of the company to which we are introduced by M. de Montehamp.

We are sorry that Madame George Sand should have taken the trouble to write an apology for the novel entitled *Elle et Lui*, which she published some time ago in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Although the consequences of so indiscreet an act had been extremely painful, yet, amidst the universal excitement produced by the complication of home and foreign politics, they were gradually dwindling into oblivion, when the preface to *Jean de la Roche*‡ has come to drag once more before the public the names both of George Sand and of Alfred de Musset. It is a mere subterfuge to tell us that "an artist must turn his experience to some use and describe the human heart such as he has observed it, both in himself and in those amongst whom he has lived." No one denies this. The only point to be settled is whether a writer, under the pretence of describing the human heart, shall with impunity have recourse to scandal, and whether it is honest to attack those whom the hand of death has placed beyond the possibility of defending themselves. The best proof of the objectionable character of *Elle et Lui* is to be discovered in the *éclat* it produced on its first appearance. If it had contained merely a clever delineation of society, such as we find in *Valentine*, *André*, or *Consuelo*, no one would have dreamt of doing aught but admiring. M. de Balzac has drawn in his *Baron de Nucingen* the portrait of a banker, yet what banker ever felt disposed to consider that portrait as a libel? Of course the characters painted by the novelist must be taken from life; but for all that they need not be personalities. George Sand's preface, therefore, explains nothing, and her apology makes bad worse; the reader will turn from it with relief to the tale which it introduces, and which reveals throughout the hand of an artist. The story is an extremely quiet one—a complete contrast to the highly-wrought improbable tales of George Sand's early style. The descriptions of nature and of scenery have the usual freshness which we are accustomed to find in this author's best works. In short, if, after reading *Jean de la Roche*, you open the other novels poured forth from the press so profusely, you feel that nothing but the critic's duty can oblige you to wade through such an ocean of rubbish. M. Jules de César's *Pêcheurs et Pêcheuses*§ is a fair specimen of the whole batch, and the title that gentleman has adopted might serve for a kind of common designation to them all. The plot is exactly the same whether you take up this neat little volume, stitched in a fawn-coloured paper cover, or whether you turn to the green-looking brochure bearing the name of M. H. Audeval. The young man who falls in love with a girl he thinks to be innocence itself, and who finds, too late, that he has been duped by an intriguing

* *D'Heure en Heure*. Par Alfred Assolant. Paris: Michel Lévy. London: Jeffs.

† *La Littérature Indépendante et les Écrivains Oubliés du 17. Siècle*. Par Victor Fournel. Paris: Didier. London: Jeffs.

‡ *La Comtesse d'Albany*. Par M. Saint René Taillandier. Paris: Michel Lévy. London: Jeffs.

* *Une Famille tragique*. Paris: Michel Lévy. London: Jeffs.

† *Bibliothèque de l'Amour et de la Galanterie*. Paris: Jung-Treuttel. London: Jeffs.

‡ *Jean de la Roche*. Par George Sand. Paris: Michel Lévy. London: Jeffs.

§ *Pêcheurs et Pêcheuses*. Par Jules de César. Paris: Michel Lévy. London: Jeffs.

heroine of the *demi-monde*—the married woman forgetting her duty, her family, her reputation, for the sake of a worthless adventurer who will abandon her as soon as his passions and his vanity are gratified—such is the everlasting theme of all contemporary novelists who boast that they belong to the realist school, and that they describe things such as they are. In the book entitled *Pêcheurs et Pêcheresses*, the fair *pêcheresse* is yclept Louise; in M. Amédée Achard's novel * she has the more poetical name of Nelly; but with that exception the two ladies are perfect copies of each other, nor have they even the originality which characterize genius or talent employed for wicked purposes. It is impossible to conceive anything more commonplace than both these stories. M. H. Audeval has attempted to lecture, not the younger but the older branches of the family; and in his amusing tale, *Les Demi Dots* †, he calls to account greedy fathers who, for the sake of getting rid of their daughters, assign to them fictitious fortunes, and pass them off as richer by half than they really are. We might remark, however, that in such a bargain all the contracting parties are equally to blame, because, if the prospect of a hundred thousand pounds is enough to reconcile a young lady to a man for whom she does not otherwise care a straw, it is only a just retribution should she find herself duped, disappointed, and unhappy.

M. Claude's *Roman de l'Amour* ‡ reads like an idyl, after the tales we have just noticed. It is a small unpretending volume, half prose, half poetry, in which love is represented so pure, so refined, so delicate, that it is almost like a kind of mystical worship, reserved only for the use of a few initiated. The author's intention is excellent; but unfortunately the performance is not always equal to it, and he certainly should have followed the precept, *nonum servetur in annum*, which, in his preface, he apologizes for disregarding. There is a great deal more power in M. Malherbe's *Monde Honnête*, which we may designate as a select exhibition of virtuous people. De Courtray, Desclozet, Madame de Courtray, the daughter, the nephew, the servant—the whole family, in short—are fit to stand as candidates for the Monthyon prize; yet the author has succeeded in throwing a great deal of variety over their characters by the appropriate introduction of a few shadows, which are sufficient to prove that even in the best persons we can still find some of the imperfections inherent to human nature.

Of M. Gustave Aimard's *Valentin Guillois* §, we may just say that it is a most exciting tale of American life, written with the usual power which distinguishes the French Mayne Reid; and we shall conclude by recommending to those of our readers who admire Ivan Tourguenef's sketches of Russian society that author's new tale, *Dimriti Roudine* ||, published in a volume after having appeared in the pages of M. Charpentier's *Revue Nationale*.

* *Nelly*. Par Amédée Achard. Paris: Michel Lévy. London: Jeffs.
† *Les Demi Dots*. Par M. Audeval. Paris: Jung-Treuttel. London: Jeffs.
‡ *Le Roman de l'Amour*. Par F. Claude. Paris: Michel Lévy. London: Jeffs.
§ *Valentin Guillois*. Par Gustave Aimard. Paris: Amyot. London: Jeffs.
|| *Dimriti Roudine*. Par Ivan Tourguenef. Paris: Jung-Treuttel. London: Jeffs.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications.

NOTICE.

The publication of the "SATURDAY REVIEW" takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-Agent, on the day of publication.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROYAL ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. George Vining. On Monday and during the week (Wednesday excepted), the "POOR NOBLEMAN," in which Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wigan will appear. After which, "FORTY WINKS," Mr. George Vining and Miss Herbert. To conclude with the Fairy Extravaganza, entitled, "PRINCE AMABEL, or, the Fairy Roses;" the Misses Nelson, Mrs. Frank Matthews, and Mr. Frank Matthews. On Wednesday, for the benefit of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wigan, "UNDER THE ROSE," "STILL WATERS RUN DEEP," and "THE BENUAL TIGER," will be performed. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wigan sustaining their original characters. Commence at half-past 7. Acting Manager, Mr. J. Kinloch.

MUSICAL UNION.—Joachim, Hallé, and Piatti. — Tuesday, June 10th, half-past 3. Quartet—Mozart; sonata, C minor; violin and piano-forte; Beethoven; quintet, B flat—Mendelssohn; solos, piano-forte. Tickets, half-a-guinea each, to be had of Cramer & Co., Clappell & Co., Olivieri, Ashdown & Perry, and Austin, at the Hall. J. ELLA, Director.

MADAME SAINTON-DOLBY begs to announce that she will give a GRAND CONCERT at ST. JAMES'S HALL, on FRIDAY EVENING, June 20, 1862, to commence at Eight o'clock. Vocalists: The Sisters Milla, Carlotta Marchionni, and Milla, Barbara Marchionni, Miss Marian Moss, and Madame Sainton-Dolby; Mr. George Perren and Mr. Stanley. Piano-forte, Mr. Charles Hallé. Violin, Mr. Sainton. Le Société Chorale Clémence Leary; Conductor, M. Bandouin. This society consists of 50 members, who are expressly engaged for this Concert. Conductors, Mr. Lindsay Sloper, Mr. Denoon and Herr Meyer Lutz. Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d. may be secured of Madame Sainton-Dolby, at her residence, 3 Upper Wimpole Street, Cavendish Square, W.; at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street; and at all Music-sellers.

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ'S BEETHOVEN RECITALS at ST. JAMES'S HALL.—The Fourth Concert will take place on Friday next, June 13, at 3 o'clock, when Mr. Hallé will play the celebrated Sonatas Op. 27, No. 1 ("The Moonlight"), and No. 2, Grand Sonata Op. 28 ("The Pastoral"), and Sonata Op. 29, No. 1. Vocalist, Mr. Stanley. Accompanist, Mr. Harold Thomas. Sofa stalls, 10s. 6d. Balcony, 7s. Unreserved Seats, 3s. Tickets and Programmes at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street; and at Austin's, 25 Piccadilly.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL, on Monday Evening, June 10.—Piano-forte, Mr. Charles Hallé; violin, Herr Lamb; violoncello, M. Davidhoff. Vocalists, Mlle. Florence Lancia, Miss Roden, and Mr. Sims Reeves. Sofa stalls, 10s. 6d. Balcony, 7s. Unreserved, 1s. Tickets and Programmes at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street.

MR. SIMS REEVES at the MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, St. James's Hall, on Monday Evening, June 10, on which occasion he will sing three of his favourite songs. Mr. Charles Hallé, Herr Lamb, and M. Davidhoff will also appear. Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d. Balcony, 7s. Unreserved Seats, 1s. Tickets and Programmes at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street.

S. THALBERG'S MATINEES, Hanover Square Rooms. — S. Thalberg has the honour to announce that his MATINEES will take place on Monday next, June 10, at the above Rooms. The only other occasions on which S. Thalberg can possibly appear in London this season are: Monday, June 24, "Saturday, June 28th, and Monday, July 7th." Each Matinée to commence at half-past 2 o'clock. Stall Subscription for the Series, Three Guineas; Stall Tickets, 21s. Unreserved Seats, 10s. 6d. May be secured at all the music-sellers and librarians, and on application to S. Thalberg's Secretary, Hanover Square Rooms.

GRAND EXHIBITION CONCERT at EXETER HALL, on Monday next, June 9, when the whole of the Music performed at the Opening of the International Exhibition will be reproduced on a scale of great magnificence, under the direction of Mr. Benedict. The Orchestra and Chorus will comprise 400 Performers, selected from the Band of the Royal Italian Opera and the Members of the Vocal Association. The Programme will include Meyerbeer's "Grand Exhibition Overture," Auber's "Grand Triumphant March," Professor Sterndale Bennett's "Inauguration Ode" (the Poetry by Alfred Tennyson), a grand orchestral fantasia, entitled "Voyage Musicale," introducing the national songs of the principal countries of the world, and a Miscellaneous Concert of an appropriate and attractive character, in which the following celebrated artists will appear:—Madlle. Lemmens-Sherrington, Madlle. Marie Cravelli, Madlle. Agnes Barry, Mr. Tennant, Mr. Alberto Lawrence, and Mr. Sims Reeves. Piano-forte, M. Ascher, pianist to Her Majesty the Empress of the French. Conductor, Mr. Benedict. Stalls, 2s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 1s. 6d.; Tickets, 1s. and 6d. to be had of Cramer, Beale, & Wood; Chappell & Co.; Mitchell, Keith, Prowse, & Co.; and Boosey & Sons, Holles Street.

ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S GREAT SHOW, June 11. The Garden will be open at One o'clock. Visitors cannot be admitted, either from the Exhibition to the Garden, or to the Exhibition through the Garden, before that hour.

ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S GREAT SHOW, Wednesday, June 11, at South Kensington. Open at One o'clock. Bands of 1st Life Guards, Royal Engineers, and another regiment, commence at Two o'clock. Admission, 7s. 6d. each, or by Tickets previously purchased, 5s. each, at the Garden, and of the principal Librarians, Music-sellers, &c. Visitors can pass under cover from the Exhibition or Garden Entrances to the Show.

HORTICULTURAL GREAT SHOW, Wednesday, June 11. The Garden will not be open till ONE o'clock.

EXHIBITION of HORTICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, GARDEN POTTERY, &c. at the ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S GREAT SHOW, Wednesday, June 11.

FRICKELL'S PRIZE TRICKS.—Herr Wiljalba Frickell will repeat his wonderful Tricks, the Bowls of Fish and a Hat, which produces everything, in his entertainment of Natural Magic at the St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, every Evening at 8 o'clock. Seats, 1s. 6d. Balcony, 7s. 6d. Gallery, 1s. Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street, and at Austin's, 25 Piccadilly.

SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS.—The Fifty-ninth Annual Exhibition is now Open at their Gallery, 5 Pall Mall East (close to the National Gallery), from Nine till Seven. Admission 1s. Catalogue, 6d. JOSEPH J. JENKINS, Secretary.

MR. JOHN LEECH'S GALLERY of SKETCHES in OIL, from Subjects in "PUNCH," is open every day from Ten till dusk at the EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY. Admission One Shilling.

FRITH'S NEW PICTURE, "THE RAILWAY STATION," is now on View Daily to the Public at the Fine Art Gallery, 7 Haymarket, next door to the Theatre, between the hours of 11 and 6 p.m. Admission, One Shilling.

PHOTOGRAPHIC ART STUDIES and PORTRAITS Taken Daily, by O. G. REILANDER, 5 Haymarket.

PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITION, 114 NEW BOND STREET. MESSRS. DICKINSON'S Eighth Annual Exhibition of Miniatures, Drawings, and Life-size Pictures, based on Photographs, is now Open. Admission by address only.

JULIA PASTRANA EMBALMED, standing erect, dressed as in life, is pronounced by the Medical Profession to be the greatest scientific curiosity ever exhibited in London. See BURLINGTON GALLERY, 191 Piccadilly. OPEN DAILY from Eleven to Nine.—Admission, One Shilling.

MESSRS. FOWLER & WELLS' Lecture in EXETER HALL, JUNE 10 to 21 inclusive, on Thinkers, Writers, and Speakers. Tact and Talent. Physiology, Perception of Character, &c. Open at Half-past 7; Commence at 8. Consultation Rooms, 147 Strand. NEW ILLUSTRATED SELF-INSTRUCTOR in Phrenology, Physiology, and Psychology, 160 portraits, 1s. post free.

SOCIETY for the PROPAGATION of the GOSPEL in FOREIGN PARTS, A.D. 1791. ANNIVERSARY ARRANGEMENTS, 1862.

TUESDAY, June 17.—Divine Service, with celebration of the Holy Communion, in Westminster Abbey. Sermon by the Lord Bishop of Killaloe. Divine Service to commence at half-past ten a.m.

WEDNESDAY, June 18.—Dinner, Freemasons' Tavern at half-past six. Tickets, 8s. each.

THURSDAY, June 19.—Holy Communion at St. James's Church, Piccadilly, at eight o'clock a.m. Meeting of the Treasurer and Secretaries of the Episcopal Association, at 79 Pall Mall, at eleven o'clock a.m.; and the Anniversary Festival in St. Paul's Cathedral at half-past three o'clock. Sermon by the Lord Bishop of Bangor.

FRIDAY, June 20.—The Annual Meeting for the City of London in the Egyptian Hall, Liverpool House.

Tickets for each occasion may be had at 79 Pall Mall, on and after June 9.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the next Half-yearly Examination for MATRICULATION in this University will commence on MONDAY, JULY 7, 1862. In addition to the Metropolitan Examination, Provincial PASS Examinations will be held at Stonyhurst College; Owens College, Manchester; and Queen's College, Liverpool. Every Candidate is required to transmit his Certificate of Age to the Registrar (Burlington House, London, W.) at least fourteen days before the commencement of the Examination. May 28, 1862. WILLIAM B. CARPENTER, M.D., Registrar.

LEEDS FREE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.—THE HEAD

MASTERSHIP of this School will be VACANT at Midsummer next, by the resignation of the present Master, and the Governors are ready to receive applications for the vacant post. The Head Master must be a Graduate of Oxford or Cambridge, and a full clerical order at the time of election; but he is not entitled to undertake any permanent clerical duty without permission of the Governors.

A high University degree and some previous experience in tuition are essential. The salary will be £100 per annum, together with one-fourth part of the funds derived from the head money of the scholars (such one-fourth at present amounting to about £800 per annum); and the Head Master is allowed to take boarders. There is an excellent house attached to the school (with accommodation for 20 boarders), appropriated, rent free, to the use of the Head Master.

Applications (with testimonials) may be sent (post paid), to the Rev. Dr. Atlay, Chairman of the Governors, Vicarage, Leeds, on or before TUESDAY, 17th June next, from whom may be obtained copies of the rules and regulations of the school.

By order of the Governors, JAMES ATLAY, D.D., Chairman.

Leeds, May 30, 1862.

IMPERIAL HOTEL, Great Malvern.—The Public is respectfully informed that the IMPERIAL HOTEL will be OPENED in July next for the Reception of Visitors. The tariff will be so arranged that families and gentlemen may engage suites of apartments or single rooms, at a fixed charge per day, including attendance, and may either take their meals privately or at the table d'hôte, public breakfast, tea, and supper. A wholesome wine and spirit establishment for the sale of wines and beverages of the highest class will be attached to the hotel. Warm, cold, vapour, douche, running sitz, and shower baths, will be given at all times in the hotel, a portion of which is set apart for these baths. A covered way will conduct the visitors direct from the railway platform to the hotel. GEORGE CURTIS, Manager.

LONDON LIBRARY, 12 St. James's Square, S. W.—The following are the TERMS of ADMISSION to this Library, which contains 80,000 Volumes of Ancient and Modern Literature in Various Languages:—Subscription £1 a year, or £2 a year with Entrance Fee of £21; Life Memberships, £25; Catalogues, 2s. 6d. FIFTEEN Volumes are added to the Library, and TEN to Town Members. READING ROOM open from 10 to 6. Prospectus on application.

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HIGH CLASSICS, &c.—An Oxford Clergyman, of scholastic position, reads with Gentlemen desirous of qualifying themselves for University Honours, Scholarships, or High Competitive Examinations. Mathematics, if desired, by a Cambridge Graduate in Honours. Arrangements may be made for Vacation Reading. Address, Rev. M. A., 4 Warrington Gardens, Alameda Hill, W.

MAJOR R. C. BARNARD, B.A., of Emmanuel College, Cambridge (1861), F.R.S., and late of Her Majesty's 1st Regiment, receives PUPILS to be prepared for the Universities, the Army, Civil Service, or for Public Schools. Geology and Botany form part of the course of instruction. Cambridge House, Bay's Hill, Cheltenham, May 22, 1862.

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The effect of the Abatement is thus shown:—

Age when Insured.	Sum Insured.	Annual Premium for first Five Years.	Reduced Annual Premium.
30	£1,000	£21 15 0	£10 7 3
40	2,000	53 8 4	25 7 7
50	3,000	101 17 6	48 8 0
60	5,000	325 15 0	166 13 4

If instead of taking the benefit of a reduced payment, a member chooses to employ the amount of the abatement in a further insurance, he may, without increasing his outlay, take out an additional policy at the end of the first five years, or on an average, more than 45 per cent. on the sum originally insured, and at the end of the second five years of above 30 per cent. more, with further additions afterwards.

The following Table presents Examples of the Amounts to be thus obtained at the existing rate of profits:—

Age when Insured.	Original Amount of Policy.	Amount, with additions, by re-assuring at end of first five years.	Amount, with additions, by re-assuring at end of second five years.
30	£1,000	£1,475	£1,700
40	2,000	2,937	3,379
50	3,000	4,372	5,085
60	5,000	7,331	8,923

As a third alternative a member may have the amount of the abatement converted year by year into a proportional bonus payable at death. Insurance effected before the 30th January will participate in profits in the year 1867.

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Up to the 31st December, 1861, the Society had paid in Claims upon death:—
Benevolence £1,338,578
Benevolence £1,115,578

Together, £2,454,156

The Profits are divided every fifth year. All participating policies effected during the present year will, if in force beyond 31st December, 1864, share in the Profits to be divided up to that date.

At the Divisions of Profit hitherto made, Reversionary Bonuses exceeding THREE AND A HALF MILLIONS have been added to the several Policies. Prospectuses, Forms of Proposal, and Statements of Accounts, may be had on application to the Actuary, at the Office, Fleet Street, London.

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Sum Assured £2,579,465
Capital in hand £2,007,000
Annual Income £254,451

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4-inch fine Ivory Handles	24 0	17 0	7 3
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